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HUDIBRAS

BY

SAMUEL BUTLER



TOM. I. II

Non deerunt fortasse vitilitigatores, qui calumnientur, partim leviores
esse nugas, quam ut Theologum deceant, partim mordaciores, quam
ut christianæ conveniant modestiæ.

Erasm. Mericæ encom. præfat.

LONDON

PRINTED by T. RICKABY

MDCCXIII

HUDIBRAS,

A POEM,

IN THREE CANTOS.

BY

SAMUEL BUTLER.

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PART II.

THIRD CANTO.

The Argument.

*The Knight, with various doubts possest
To win the Lady, goes in quest
Of Sidrophel the Rosy-crucian,
To know the dest'nies' resolution :
With whom being met, they both chop logic
About the science astrologic.
Till falling from dispute to fight,
The Conjuror's worsted by the Knight.*



Part 2. Canto 3. Line 527.

J. Rye sculp.

H U D I B R A S.

CANTO III.

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great
 Of being cheated, as to cheat ;
 As lookers-on feel most delight,
 That least perceive a juggler's flight,
 And still the less they understand,
 The more th' admire his flight of hand.

Some with a noife, and greafy light,
Are fnapt, as men catch larks by night,
Enfnar'd and hamper'd by the foul,
As noofes by the legs catch fowl. 10
Some, with a med'cine, and receipt,
Are drawn to nibble at the bait ;
And tho' it be a two-foot trout,
'Tis with a fingle hair pull'd out.

Others believe no voice t' an organ 15
So fweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,
Until, with fubtle cobweb-cheats,
They're catch'd in knotted law, like nets ;
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they ftir, the more they're tangled ;
And while their purfes can difpute,
There's no end of th' immortal fuit.

Others ftill gape t' anticipate
The cabinet-defigns of fate,

Apply to wizards, to foresee 25
What shall, and what shall never be ;
And as those vultures do forebode,
Believe events prove bad or good ;
A flam more senseless than the roguery
Of old aurospicy and aug'ry, 30
That out of garbages of cattle
Prefag'd th' events of truce or battle ;
From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,
Success of great'st attempts would reckon :
Tho' cheats, yet more intelligible 35
Than those that with the stars do fribble.
This Hudibras by proof found true,
As in due time and place we'll shew :
For he, with beard and face made clean,
Being mounted on his steed again, 40
And Ralpho got a cock-horse too,
Upon his beast, with much ado,

Advanc'd on for the widow's house,
T' acquit himself, and pay his vows ;
When various thoughts began to bustle, 45
And with his inward man to juggle.
He thought what danger might accrue,
If she should find he swore untrue ;
Or if his squire or he should fail,
And not be punctual in their tale, 50
It might at once the ruin prove
Both of his honour, faith, and love :
But if he should forbear to go,
She might conclude he 'ad broke his vow ;
And that he durst not now, for shame, 55
Appear in court to try his claim.
This was the penn'worth of his thought,
To pass time, and uneasy trot.

Quoth he, in all my past adventures
I ne'er was set so on the tenters, 60

Or taken tardy with dilemma,
That, ev'ry way I turn, does hem me,
And with inextricable doubt,
Befets my puzzled wits about :
For though the dame has been my bail, 65
To free me from enchanted jail,
Yet, as a dog committed clofe
For some offence, by chance breaks loofe,
And quits his clog ; but all in vain,
He ftill draws after him his chain : 70
So tho' my ancle ſhe has quitted,
My heart continues ftill committed ;
And like a bail'd and mainpriz'd lover,
Altho' at large, I am bound over :
And when I ſhall appear in court 75
To plead my caufe, and anfwer for 't,
Unlefs the judge do partial prove,
What will become of me and love ?

For if in our accounts we vary,
Or but in circumstance miscarry ; 80
Or if she put me to strict proof,
And make me pull my doublet off,
To shew, by evident record,
Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,
How can I e'er expect to have her, 85
Having demurr'd unto her favour ?
But faith, and love, and honour lost,
Shall be reduc'd t' a knight o' th' post :
Beside, that stripping may prevent
What I'm to prove by argument, 90
And justify I have a tail,
And that way, too, my proof may fail.
Oh ! that I could enucleate,
And solve the problems of my fate ;
Or find, by necromantic art, 95
How far the dest'nies take my part ;

For if I were not more than certain
To win and wear her, and her fortune,
I'd go no farther in this courtship,
To hazard foul, estate, and worship : 100
For tho' an oath obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
As thou hast prov'd, yet 'tis profane,
And sinful, when men swear in vain.

Quoth Ralph, not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,
That deals in destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the moon fells,
To whom all people far and near,
On deep importances repair : 110
When brags and pewter hap to stray,
And linen flinks out of the way ;
When geese and pullen are seduc'd,
And fows of fucking pigs are chous'd ;

When cattle feel indisposition, 115
And need the opinion of physician ;
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
And chickens languish of the pip ;
When yest and outward means do fail,
And have no pow'r to work on ale ; 120
When butter does refuse to come,
And love proves crofs and humourfome ;
To him with questions, and with urine,
They for difcov'ry flock, or curing.

Quoth Hudibras, this Sidrophel 125
I've heard of, and thou'd like it well,
If thou canst prove the faincs have freedom
To go to forc'ers when they need 'em.

Says Ralpho there's no doubt of that ;
Those principles I've quoted late, 130
Prove that the godly may allege
For any thing their privilege,

And to the devil himself may go,
If they have motives thereunto :
For as there is a war between 135
The dev'l and them, it is no fin
If they, by subtle stratagem,
Make use of him, as he does them.
Has not this present parl'ament
A ledger to the devil sent, 140
Fully empower'd to treat about
Finding revolted witches out ?
And has not he, within a year,
Hang'd threecore of 'em in one shire ?
Some only for not being drown'd, 145
And some for sitting above ground,
Whole days and nights upon their breeches,
Not feeling pain, were hang'd for witches ;
And some for putting knavish tricks
Upon green geese and turkey-chicks, 150

Or pigs, that suddenly deceast,
Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guest ;
Who after prov'd himself a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech.
Did not the dev'l appear to Martin 155
Luther in Germany for certain ?
And wou'd have gull'd him with a trick,
But Mart. was too, too politick.
Did he not help the Dutch to purge,
At Antwerp, their cathedral church ? 160
Sing catches to the faints at Mascon,
And tell them all they came to ask him ?
Appear in divers shapes to Kelly,
And speak i' th' nun of Loudon's belly ?
Met with the parl'ament's committee, 165
At Woodstock, on a pers'nal treaty ?
At Sarum take a cavalier,
I' th' cause's service, prisoner ?

As Withers, in immortal rhyme,
Has register'd to after-time. 170

Do not our great reformers use
This Sidrophel to forebode news ;
To write of victories next year,
And castles taken, yet i' th' air ?
Of battles fought at sea, and ships 175
Sunk, two years hence, the last eclipse ?

A total o'erthrow giv'n the king
In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring ?
And has not he point-blank foretold
What s'e'er the close committee would ? 180

Made Mars and Saturn for the cause,
The Moon for fundamental laws ?
The ram, the bull, the goat, declare
Against the book of common prayer ?
The scorpion take the protestation, 185
And bear engage for reformation ?

Made all the royal stars recant,
Compound, and take the covenant?

Quoth Hudibras, the case is clear
The faints may 'mploy a conjurer, 190
As thou hast prov'd it by their practice;
No argument like matter of fact is:
And we are best of all led to
Men's principles, by what they do.
Then let us strait advance in quest 195
Of this profound gymnosophist,
And as the fates and he advise,
Pursue, or wave this enterprize.
This said, he turn'd about his steed,
And eftsoons on th' adventure rid; 200
Where leave we him and Ralph awhile,
And to the conj'rer turn our style,
To let our reader understand
What's useful for him before hand.

He had been long t'wards mathematics, 205
Optics, philosophy, and statics,
Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
And was old dog at physiology ;
But as a dog, that turns the spit,
Bestirs himself, and plies his feet 210
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again ;
And still he 's in the self-same place
Where at his setting out he was :
So in the circle of the arts 215
Did he advance his nat'ral parts,
Till falling back still, for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat :
For as those fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but smatter ; 220
What e'er he labour'd to appear,
His understanding still was clear ;

Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Grosted.
Th' intelligible world he knew, 225
And all men dream on 't to be true,
That in this world there 's not a wart
That has not there a counterpart ;
Nor can there, on the face of ground,
An individual beard be found 230
That has not, in that foreign nation,
A fellow of the self-same fashion ;
So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,
As those are in th' inferior world.
He 'ad read Dee's prefaces before 235
The devil and Euclid o'er and o'er ;
And all th' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,
Lescus and th' Emperor, wou'd tell ye :
But with the moon was more familiar
Than e'er was almanack well-willer ; 240

Her secrets understood so clear,
That some believ'd he had been there ;
Knew when she was in fittest mood
For cutting corns, or letting blood :
When for anointing scabs and itches, 245
Or to the bum applying leeches ;
When sows and bitches may be spay'd,
And in what sign best cyder's made ;
Whether the wane be, or increase,
Best to set garlic, or sow pease ; 250
Who first found out the man i' th' moon,
That to the ancients was unknown ;
How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
Are in the planetary spheres,
Their airy empire, and command, 255
Their sev'ral strengths by sea and land ;
What factions they've, and what they drive at
In public vogue, or what in private :

With what designs and interests
Each party manages contests. 260
He made an instrument to know
If the moon shine at full or no ;
That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
Whether 't were day or night demonstrate ;
Tell what her d'iameter to an inch is, 265
And prove that she 's not made of green cheese.
It wou'd demonstrate, that the man in
The moon 's a sea mediterranean ;
And that it is no dog or bitch
That stands behind him at his breech, 270
But a huge Caspian sea or lake,
With arms, which men for legs mistake ;
How large a gulf his tail composes,
And what a goodly bay his nose is ;
How many German leagues by th' scale 275
Cape snout 's from promontory tail.

He made a planetary gin,
Which rats would run their own heads in,
And come on purpose to be taken,
Without th' expense of cheefe or bacon ; 280
With lute-strings he would counterfeit
Maggots, that crawl on dish of meat ;
Quote moles and spots on any place
O' th' body, by the index face ;
Detect lost maidenheads by sneezing, 285
Or breaking wind of dames, or pissing ;
Cure warts and corns, with application
Of med'cines to th' imagination :
Fright agues into dogs, and scare,
With rhymes, the tooth-ach and catarrh ; 290
Chase evil spirits away by dint
Of fickle, horfeshoe, hollow flint ;
Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,
Which made the Roman slaves rebel ;

And fire a mine in China here, 295
With sympathetic gunpowder.
He knew what s'ever 's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own.
What med'cine 'twas that Paracelsus
Could make a man with, as he tells us ; 300
What figur'd flates are best to make,
On wat'ry surface duck or drake ;
What bowling-stones, in running race
Upon a board, have swiftest pace ;
Whether a pulse beat in the black 305
Lift of a dappled louse's back ;
If systole or diastole move
Quickest when he's in wrath, or love ;
When two of them do run a race,
Whether they gallop, trot, or pace ; 310
How many scores a flea will jump,
Of his own length, from head to rump,

Which Socrates and Chærephon
In vain assay'd so long ago ;
Whether his snout a perfect nose is, 315
And not an elephant's proboscis ;
How many diff'rent specieses
Of maggots breed in rotten cheeses ;
And which are next of kin to those
Engender'd in a chandler's nose ; 320
Or those not seen, but understood,
That live in vinegar and wood.

A paltry wretch he had, half-starv'd,
That him in place of Zany serv'd,
Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw, 325
Not wine, but more unwholesome law ;
To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
Wide as meridians in maps ;
To squander paper, and spare ink,
Or cheat men of their words, some think. 330

From this, by merited degrees,
He'd to more high advancement rise,
To be an under-conjurer,
Or journeyman astrologer :
His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle, 335
And men with their own keys unriddle ;
To make them to themselves give answers,
For which they pay the necromancers ;
To fetch and carry intelligence
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
And all discoveries disperse
Among th' whole pack of conjurers ;
What cut-purses have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem,
And what they dare not vent, find out, 345
To gain themselves and th' art repute ;
Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,

Of thieves ascendant in the cart,
And find out all by rules of art : 350
Which way a serving-man, that's run
With clothes or money away, is gone ;
Who pick'd a fob at holding-forth,
And where a watch, for half the worth,
May be redeem'd ; or stolen plate 355
Restor'd at conscionable rate.
Beside all this, he serv'd his master
In quality of poetaster,
And rhymes appropriate could make
To ev'ry month i' th' almanack ; 360
When terms begin, and end, could tell,
With their returns, in doggerel ;
When the Exchequer opes and shuts,
And sow-gelder with safety cuts ;
When men may eat and drink their fill, 365
And when be temp'rate, if they will ;

That, circled with his long-car'd guefts, 385
Like Orpheus, look'd among the beafts :
A carman's horfe could not pafs by,
But flood ty'd up to poetry ;
No porter's burden pafs'd along,
But ferv'd for burden to his fong : 390
Each window like a pill'ry appears,
With heads thruft thro' nail'd by the ears ;
All trades run in as to the fight
Of monfters, or their dear delight,
The gallow-tree, when cutting purfe 395
Breeds bus'nefs for heroic verfe,
Which none does hear, but would have hung
T' have been the theme of fuch a fong.
 Thofe two together long had liv'd
In manfion prudently contriv'd, 400
Where neither tree nor houfe could bar
The free detection of a ftar ;

And nigh an ancient obelisk
Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,
On which was written not in words, 405
But hieroglyphic mute of birds,
Many rare pithy saws, concerning
The worth of astrologic learning :
From top of this there hung a rope,
To which he fasten'd telescope ; 410
The spectacles with which the stars
He reads in smallest characters.
It happen'd as a boy, one night,
Did fly his tarsel of a kite,
The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies, 415
That, like a bird of Paradise,
Or herald's martlet, has no legs,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs ;
His train was six yards long, milk white,
At th' end of which there hung a light, 420

Enclos'd in lantern made of paper,
That far off like a star did appear :
This Sidrophel by chance espy'd,
And with amazement staring wide :
Bless us, quoth he, what dreadful wonder 425
Is that appears in heaven yonder ?
A comet, and without a beard !
Or star, that ne'er before appear'd !
I'm certain 'tis not in the scrowl
Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl, 430
With which, like Indian plantations,
The learned stock the constellations ;
Nor those that, drawn for signs, have been
To th' houses where the planets inn.
It must be supernatural, 435
Unless it be that cannon-ball
That, shot i' th' air, point-blank upright,
Was borne to that prodigious height,

That, learn'd philofophers maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again, 440
But in the airy regions yet
Hangs, like the body o' Mahomet :
For if it be above the fhade,
That by the earth's round bulk is made,
'Tis probable it may from far, 445
Appear no bullet, but a ftar.

This faid, he to his engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
And rais'd it, till it levell'd right
Againft the glow-worm tail of kite ; 450
Then peeping thro', blefs us ! quoth he,
It is a planet now I fee ;
And, if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like tobacco-ftopper,
It fhould be Saturn : yes, 'tis clear 455
'Tis Saturn; but what makes him there ?

He 's got behind the dragon's tail,
And farther leg behind o' th' whale ;
Pray heav'n divert the fatal omen,
For 'tis a prodigy not common, 460
And can no less than the world's end,
Or nature's funeral, portend.
With that, he fell again to pry
Thro' perspective more wistfully,
When, by mischance, the fatal string, 465
That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,
Breaking, down fell the star. Well shot,
Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought
He 'ad levell'd at a star, and hit it ;
But Sidrophel, more subtle-witted, 470
Cry'd out, what horrible and fearful
Event is this, to see a star fall !
It threatens nature, and the doom
Will not be long before it come !

When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough 475
The day of judgment 's not far off ;
As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,
And some of us find out by magick :
Then, since the time we have to live
In this world 's shorten'd, let us strive 480
To make our best advantage of it,
And pay our losses with our profit.

This feat fell out not long before
The knight, upon the forenam'd score,
In quest of Sidrophel advancing, 485
Was now in prospect of the mansion ;
Whom he discov'ring, turn'd his glafs,
And found far off 'twas Hudibras.

Whachum, quoth he, look yonder, some
To try or use our art are come : 490
The one's the learned knight ; seek out,
And pump 'em what they come about.

Whachum advanc'd, with all submiss'ness
T' accost 'em, but much more their business :
He held the stirrup, while the knight 495
From leathern bare-bones did alight ;
And, taking from his hand the bridle,
Approach'd the dark squire to unriddle.
He gave him first the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him, as he might say : 500
He ask'd him whence they came, and whither
Their business lay ?—Quoth Ralpho, hither.
Did you not lose ?—Quoth Ralpho, nay.
Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way ?
Your knight, quoth Ralpho, is a lover, 505
And pains intol'able doth suffer ;
For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.
What time—quoth Ralpho, sir, too long,
Three years it off and on has hung— 510

Quoth he, I meant what time o' the day 'tis.
Quoth Ralpho, between seven and eight 'tis.
Why then, quoth Whachum, my small art
Tells me the dame has a hard heart,
Or great estate.—Quoth Ralph, a jointure, 515
Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.
Mean-while the knight was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter ;
Which having done, the wizard steps in,
To give him a suitable reception ; 520
But kept his business at a bay,
Till Whachum put him in the way ;
Who having now, by Ralpho's light,
Expounded th' errand of the knight,
And what he came to know, drew near ; 525
To whisper in the conjurer's ear,
Which he prevented thus : what was 't,
Quoth he, that I was saying last,

Before these gentlemen arriv'd?

Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd, 530

In opposition with Mars,

And no benign friendly stars

T' allay the effect. Quoth wizard, so:

In Virgo? Ha! quoth Whachum, no:

Has Saturn nothing to do in it, 535

One tenth of's circle to a minute?

'Tis well, quoth he—Sir you'll excuse

This rudeness I am forc'd to use;

It is a scheme, and face of heaven,

As th' aspects are dispos'd this even, 540

I was contemplating upon

When you arriv'd; but now I've done.

Quoth Hudibras, if I appear

Unseasonable in coming here

At such a time, to interrupt 545

Your speculations, which I hop'd

Affiftance from, and come to ufe,
'Tis fit that I ask your excufe.

By no means, fir, quoth Sidrophel,
The ftars your coming did foretel ; 550
I did expect you here, and knew,
Before you fpake, your bufinefs too.

Quoth Hudibras, make that appear,
And I fhall credit whatfoe'er
You tell me after, on your word, 555
Howe'er unlikely, or abfurd.

You are in love, fir, with a widow,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years has rid your wit
And paffion, without drawing bit ; 560
And now your bufinefs is to know
If you fhall carry her, or no.

Quoth Hudibras, you're in the right,
But how the devil you come by't

I can't imagine ; for the stars, 565
I'm sure, can tell no more than a horse :
Nor can their aspects, tho' you pore
Your eyes out on 'em, tell you more
Than th' oracle of sieve and sheers,
That turns as certain as the spheres : 570
But if the dev'l's of your counsel,
Much may be done, my noble Donzel ;
And 'tis on this account I come,
To know from you my fatal doom.

Quoth Sidrophel, if you suppose, 575
Sir knight, that I am one of those,
I might suspect, and take the alarm,
Your business is but to inform :
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a wrong sow by the ear ; 580
For I assure you, for my part,
I only deal by rules of art ;

Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conclusions of astrology ;
But for the devil, know nothing by him, 585
But only this, that I defy him.

Quoth he, whatever others deem ye,
I understand your metonymy ;
Your words of second-hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention ;
The mystic sense of all your terms,
That are indeed but magic charms
To raise the devil, and mean one thing,
And that is downright conjuring ;
And in itself more warrantable 595
Than cheat or canting to a rabble,
Or putting tricks upon the moon,
Which by confed'racy are done.
Your ancient conjurers were wont
To make her from her sphere dismount, 600

And to their incantation stoop ;
They scorn'd to pore thro' telescope,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy or fair weather,
Which ev'ry almanack can tell, 605
Perhaps as learnedly and well
As you yourself—Then, friend, I doubt
You go the farthest way about :
Your modern Indian magician
Makes but a hole in th' earth to pifs in, 610
And straight resolves all questions by 't,
And seldom fails to be i' th' right.
The rofy-crusian way 's more fure
To bring the devil to the lure ;
Each of 'em has a fev'ral gin, 615
To catch intelligences in.
Some by the nose, with fumes, trepan 'em,
As Dunstan did the devil's grannam.

Others with characters and words
Catch 'em as men in nets do birds ; 620
And some with fymbols, figns, and tricks,
Engrav'd in planetary nicks,
With their own influences will fetch 'em
Down from their orbs, arrest and catch 'em ;
Make 'em depofe, and answer to 625
All questions, ere they let them go.
Bumbaftus kept a devil's bird
Shut in the pummel of his fword,
That taught him all the cunning pranks
Of paff and future mountebanks. 630
Kelly did all his feats upon
The devil's looking-glafs, a ftone,
Where, playing with him at bo-peep,
He folv'd all problems ne'er fo deep.
Agrippa kept a Stygian pug, 635
I th' garb and habit of a dog,

That was his tutor, and the cur
Read to th' occult philosopher,
And taught him subt'ly to maintain
All other sciences are vain.

640

To this, quoth Sidrophello, Sir,
Agrippa was no conjurer,
Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen ;
Nor was the dog a caco-dæmon,
But a true dog that would shew tricks
For th' emp'ror, and leap o'er fticks ;
Would fetch and carry, was more civil
Than other dogs, but yet no devil ;
And whatsoe'er he 's said to do,
He went the self-same way we go.
For as the rosy-crofs philosophers,
Whom you will have to be but forcerers,
What they pretend to is no more
Than Trismegistus did before,

645

650

Pythagoras, old Zoroaster, 655
And Apollonius their master,
To whom they do confess they owe
All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth Hudibras, alas ! what is 't t' us
Whether 'twas said by Trismegistus, 660
If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,
Or not intelligible, or sophistic ?
'Tis not antiquity, nor author,
That makes truth truth, altho' time's daughter ;
'Twas he that put her in the pit, 665
Before he pull'd her out of it ;
And as he eats his sons, just so
He feeds upon his daughters too.
Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald
Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old, 670
To be descended of a race
Of ancient kings in a small space,

That we should all opinions hold
Authentic, that we can make old.

Quoth Sidrophel, it is no part 675
Of prudence to cry down an art,
And what it may perform, deny,
Because you understand not why ;
As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick,
To damn our whole art for eccentrick, 680
For who knows all that knowlege contains ?
Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
But on their sides, or risings feat ;
So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.
Do not the hist'ries of all ages 685
Relate miraculous prefages
Of strange turns, in the world's affairs,
Foreseen b' astrologers, footh-fayers,
Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacks,
And some that have writ almanacks ? 690

The Median emp'ror dream'd his daughter
Had pift all Afia under water,
And that a vine, fprung from her haunches,
O'erfpread his empire with its branches ;
And did not foothfayers expound it, 695
As after by th' event he found it ?
When Cæfar in the fenate fell,
Did not the fun eclips'd foretel,
And in refentment of his flaughter,
Look'd pale for almoft a year after ? 700
Augustus having, b' oversight,
Put on his left fhoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been flain that day;
By foldiers mutin'ing for pay.
Are there not myriads of this fort, 705
Which ftories of all times report ?
Is it not ominous in all countries,
When crows and ravens croak upon trees ?

The Roman fenate, when within
The city walls an owl was feen, 710
Did caufe their clergy, with luftrations,
Our fynod calls humiliations,
The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert
From doing town or country hurt.
And if an owl have fo much pow'r, 715
Why fhould not planets have much more,
That in a region far above
Inferior fowls of the air move,
And fhould fee further, and foreknow
More than their augury below? 720
Tho' that once ferv'd the polity
Of mighty ftates to govern by ;
And this is what we take in hand,
By pow'rful art, to underftand ;
Which, how we have perform'd, all ages 725
Can fpeak th' events of our prefages.

Have we not lately in the moon,
Found a new world, to th' old unknown?
Discover'd sea and land Columbus
And Magellan could never compass? 730
Made mountains with our tubes appear,
And cattle grazing on them there?

Quoth Hudibras, you lie so ope,
That I, without a telescope,
Can find your tricks out, and descry 735
Where you tell truth, and where you lie:
For Anaxagoras long ago,
Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon,
And held the sun was but a piece
Of red hot iron as big as Greece; 740
Believ'd the heav'ns were made of stone,
Because the sun had voided one;
And, rather than he would recant
Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.

But what, alas ! is it to us, 745
Whether i' th' moon, men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
Or whether they have tails or horns ?
What trade from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France ? 750
What can our travellers bring home,
That is not to be learnt at Rome ?
What politics, or strange opinions,
That are not in our own dominions ?
What science can be brought from thence, 755
In which we do not here commence ?
What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native regions ?
Are sweating-lanterns, or screen-fans,
Made better there than they 're in France ? 760
Or do they teach to sing and play
O' th' guitar there a newer way ?

Can they make plays there, that shall fit
The public humour with less wit ?
Write wittier dances, quainter shows, 765
Or fight with more ingenious blows ?
Or does the man i' th' moon look big,
And wear a huger perriwig ?
Shew in his gait, or face, more tricks
Than our own native lunaticks ? 770
But, if w' outdo him here at home,
What good of your design can come ?
As wind, i' th' hypochondres pent,
Is but a blast, if downward sent ;
But if it upwards chance to fly, 775
Becomes new light and prophecy ;
So when our speculations tend
Above their just and useful end,
Altho' they promise strange and great
Discoveries of things far fet, 780

They are but idle dreams and fancies,
And favour strongly of the ganzas.
Tell me but what's the natural cause,
Why on a sign no painter draws
The full moon ever, but the half? 785
Resolve that with your Jacob's staff;
Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,
And dogs howl when she shines in water?
And I shall freely give my vote,
You may know something more remote. 790

At this, deep Sidrophel look'd wife,
And staring round with owl-like eyes,
He put his face into a posture
Of sapience, and began to bluster;
For having three times shook his head 795
To stir his wit up, thus he said:
Art has no mortal enemies,
Next ignorance, but owls and geese;

Those consecrated geese, in orders,
That to the capitol were warders, 800
And being then upon patrol,
With noise alone beat off the Gaul ;
Or those Athenian sceptic owls,
That will not credit their own souls,
Or any science understand, 805
Beyond the reach of eye or hand ;
But measuring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known :
Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-
Houses cry down all philosophy, 810
And will not know upon what ground
In nature we our doctrine found,
Altho' with pregnant evidence
We can demonstrate it to sense,
As I just now have done to you, 815
Foretelling what you came to know.

Were the stars only made to light
Robbers and burglars by night?
To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,
And lovers folacing behind doors? 820
Or giving one another pledges
Of matrimony under hedges?
Or witches simpling, and on gibbets
Cutting from malefactors snippets?
Or from the pill'ry tips of ears 825
Of rebel-faints and perjurers,
Only to stand by, and look on,
But not know what is said or done?
Is there a constellation there
That was not born and bred up here? 830
And therefore cannot be to learn
In any inferior concern?
Were they not, during all their lives,
Most of 'em pirates, whores, and thieves?

And is it like they have not still, 835
In their old practices, some skill?
Is there a planet that by birth
Does not derive its house from earth?
And therefore probably must know
What is, and hath been done below, 840
Who made the balance, or whence came
The bull, the lion, and the ram?
Did not we here the Argo rig,
Make Berenice's periwig?
Whose liv'ry does the coachman wear? 845
Or who made Cassiopeia's chair?
And therefore, as they came from hence,
With us may hold intelligence.
Plato deny'd the world can be
Govern'd without geometry; 850
For money b'ing the common scale
Of things by measure, weight, and tale,

In all th' affairs of church and state,
'Tis both the balance and the weight :
Then much less can it be without 855
Divine astrology made out,
That puts the other down in worth,
As far as heaven's above earth.

These reasons, quoth the knight, I grant
Are something more significant 860
Than any that the learned use
Upon this subject to produce ;
And yet they're far from satisfactory,
T' establish and keep up your factory.
Th' Egyptians say, the sun has twice 865
Shifted his setting and his rise ;
Twice has he risen in the west,
As many times set in the east ;
But whether that be true or no,
The devil any of you know. 870

Some hold, the heavens, like a top,
Are kept by circulation up,
And were't not for their wheeling round,
They'd instantly fall to the ground :
As sage Empedocles of old, 875
And from him modern authors hold.
Plato believ'd the sun and moon
Below all other planets run.
Some Mercury, some Venus feat
Above the sun himself in height. 880
The learned Scaliger complain'd
'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,
That in twelve hundred years, and odd,
The sun had left his ancient road,
And nearer to the earth is come, 885
'Bove fifty thousand miles from home :
Swore 'twas a most notorious flam,
And he that had so little shame

To vent fuch fopperies abroad,
Deferv'd to have his rump well claw'd ; 890
Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, fwore
That he deferv'd the rod much more,
That durst upon a truth give doom,
He knew less than the pope of Rome.
Cardan believ'd great states depend 895
Upon the tip o' th' bear's tail's end ;
That as she whisk'd it t'wards the sun,
Strow'd mighty empires up and down ;
Which others say must need be false,
Because your true bears have no tails. 900
Some say, the Zodiac constellations
Have long since chang'd their antic stations
Above a sign, and prove the same
In Taurus now, once in the Ram ;
Affirm'd the Trigons chop'd and chang'd, 905
The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd ;

Then how can their effects still hold
To be the same they were of old ?
This, tho' the art were true, would make
Our modern soothsayers mistake, 910
And is one cause they tell more lies,
In figures and nativities,
Than th' old Chaldean conjurers,
In so many hundred thousand years ;
Beside their nonsense in translating, 915
For want of accidence and Latin ;
Like Idus and Calendæ englight
The quarter days, by skilful linguist ;
And yet with canting, sleight, and cheat,
'Twill serve their turn to do the feat ; 920
Make fools believe in their foreseeing
Of things before they are in being ;
To swallow gudgeons ere they 're catch'd,
And count their chickens ere they 're hatch'd ;

Make them the constellations prompt, 925
And give 'em back their own accompt ;
But still the best to him that gives
The best price for 't, or believes.
Some towns, some cities, some for brevity,
Have cast the 'verfal world's nativity, 930
And made the infant stars confess,
Like fools or children, what they please.
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats ;
Some running nags, and fighting cocks ; 935
Some love, trade, lawfuits, and the pox :
Some take a measure of the lives
Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives,
Make opposition, trine, and quartile,
Tell who is barren, and who fertile ; 940
As if the planet's first aspect
The tender infant did infect

In soul and body, and infill
All future good and future ill ;
Which in their dark fatalities lurking, 945
At destin'd periods fall a working,
And break out, like the hidden seeds
Of long diseases, into deeds,
In friendships, enmities, and strife,
And all th' emergencies of life : 950
No sooner does he peep into
The world, but he has done his do,
Catch'd all diseases, took all physick,
That cures or kills a man that is sick ;
Marry'd his punctual dose of wives, 955
Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war ;
A thief and justice, fool and knave,
A huffing off'cer and a slave ; 960

A crafty lawyer and pickpocket,
A great philosopher and a blockhead ;
A formal preacher and a player,
A learn'd phyfician and man-flayer :
As if men from the ftars did fuck 965
Old age, difeafes, and ill luck,
Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice ;
And draw, with the firft air they breathe,
Battle, and murder, fudden death. 970
Are not thefe fine commodities
To be imported from the fkies,
And vended here among the rabble,
For ftaple goods, and warrantable ?
Like money by the Druids borrow'd, 975
In th' other world to be reftor'd.

Quoth Sidrophel, to let you know
You wrong the art and artists too :
Since arguments are lost on those
That do our principles oppose ; 980
I will, altho' I've don't before,
Demonstrate to your sense once more,
And draw a figure that shall tell you
What you, perhaps, forget befel you ;
By way of horary inspection, 985
Which some account our worst erection.
With that, he circles draws, and squares,
With cyphers, astral characters,
Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,
Altho' set down habnab at random. 990

Quoth he, this scheme of th' heavens set,
Discovers how in fight you met,
At Kingston, with a may-pole idol,
And that y'were bang'd both back and side well;

And tho' you overcame the bear,
The dogs beat you at Brentford fair ;
Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,
And handl'd you like a fop-doodle.

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
You are no conj'rer, by your leave ; 1000
That paltry story is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.

Not true? quoth he ; howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear ;
Whachum shall justify 't to your face, 1005
And prove he was upon the place :
He play'd the falteinbancho's part,
Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art ;
He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
Chous'd and caldes'd you like a blockhead,
And what you lost I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' the house.

Quoth Hudibras, I do believe
That argument's demonstrative ;
Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us 1015
A constable to seize the wretches :
For tho' they're both false knaves and cheats,
Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,
I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars,
As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers : 1020
They're guilty, by their own confessions,
Of felony, and at the sessions,
Upon the bench I will so handle 'em,
That the vibration of this pendulum
Shall make all taylor's yards of one 1025
Unanimous opinion :
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out ; 1030
Nor have I hazarded my art,
And neck, so long on the state's part,
To be expos'd i' th' end to suffer
By such a braggadocio huffer.

Huffer, quoth Hudibras, this sword 1035
Shall down thy false throat cram that word ;
Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
To apprehend this stygian sophister ;
Mean while I'll hold 'em at a bay,
Left he and Whachum run away. 1040

But Sidrophel, who from the aspect
Of Hudibras, did now erect
A figure worse portending far,
Than that of most malignant star ;

Believ'd it now the fittest moment 1045
To shun the danger that might come on 't,
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum, two to one :
This being resolv'd, he spy'd by chance,
Behind the door, an iron lance, 1050
That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd ;
He snatch'd it up, and made a pass,
To make his way thro' Hudibras.
Whachum had got a fire-fork, 1055
With which he vow'd to do his work ;
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
And stoutly stood upon his guard :
He put by Sidrophello's thrust,
And in right manfully he rush'd, 1060
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.

Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,
And basely turn'd his back to fly ;
But Hudibras gave him a twitch, 1065
As quick as lightning, in the breech,
Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,
As wise philosophers have judg'd ;
Because a kick in that part more
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before. 1070

Quoth Hudibras, the stars determine
You are my prisoners, base vermine.
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know, foretel ?
By this, what cheats you are, we find, 1075
That in your own concerns are blind.
Your lives are now at my dispose,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows :
But who his honour would defile,
To take, or sell, two lives so vile ? 1080

I'll give you quarter ; but your pillage,
The conqu'ring warrior's crop and tillage,
Which with his sword he reaps and plows,
That's mine, the law of arms allows.

 This said in haste, in haste he fell 1085
To rummaging of Sidrophel.
First, he expounded both his pockets,
And found a watch with rings and lockets,
Which had been left with him t' erect
A figure for, and so detect. 1090
A copper-plate, with almanacks
Engrav'd upon 't, with other knacks
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers,
And blank-schemes to discover nimmers ;
A moon-dial with Napier's bones, 1095
And sev'ral constellation stones,

Engrav'd in planetary hours,
That over mortals had strange powers
To make them thrive in law or trade,
And stab or poison to evade ; 1100
In wit or wisdom to improve,
And be victorious in love.
Whachum had neither cross nor pile,
His plunder was not worth the while ;
All which the conqu'ror did discompt, 1105
To pay for curing of his rump.

But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
As rota-men of politics,
Straight cast about to over-reach
Th' unwary conqu'ror with a fetch, 1110
And make him glad at least to quit
His victory, and fly the pit,

Before the fecular prince of darknefs
Arriv'd to feize upon his carcafs :
And, as a fox with hot purfuit, 1115
Chac'd through a warren, caft about
To fave his credit, and among
Dead vermine on a gallows hung,
And while the dogs ran underneath,
Escap'd, by counterfeiting death, 1120
Not out of cunning, but a train
Of atoms juftling in his brain,
As learn'd philosophers give out ;
So Sidrophello caft about,
And fell to 's wonted trade again, 1125
To feign himfelf in earneft flain :
Firft ftretch'd out one leg, then another,
And, feeming in his breaft to fmother
A broken figh, quoth he, where am I—
Alive, or dead? or which way came I 1130

Thro' so immense a space so soon ?
But now I thought myself i' th' moon ;
And that a monster with huge whiskers,
More formidable than the Switzers,
My body thro' and thro' had drill'd, 1135
And Whachum by my side had kill'd,
Had cross-examin'd both our hose,
And plunder'd all we had to lose ;
Look, there he is, I see him now,
And feel the place I am run thro' : 1140
And there lies Whachum by my side,
Stone-dead, and in his own blood dy'd.
Oh ! oh ! with that he fetch'd a groan,
And fell again into a swoon ;
Shut both his eyes, and stopt his breath, 1145
And to the life out-acted death,
That Hudibras, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as herring.

He held it now no longer safe,
To tarry the return of Ralph, 1150
But rather leave him in the lurch :
Thought he, he has abus'd our church,
Refus'd to give himself one fir,
To carry on the public work ;
Despis'd our fynod-men like dirt, 1155
And made their discipline his sport ;
Divulg'd the secrets of their classes,
And their conventions prov'd high places ;
Disparag'd their tithe-pigs, as pagan,
And fet at nought their cheefe and bacon ;
Rail'd at their covenant, and jeer'd
Their rev'rend parsons, to my beard ;
For all which scandals, to be quit
At once, this juncture falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth, to beware, 1165
And tempt my fury, if he dare :

He muſt, at leaſt, hold up his hand,
By twelve freeholders to be ſcann'd.
Who, by their ſkill in palmiſtry,
Will quickly read his deſtiny,
And make him glad to read his leſſon,
Or take a turn for 't at the ſeſſion :
Unleſs his light and gifts prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I 'm ſure ;
For if he 'ſcape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do :
And that will diſengage my conſcience
Of th' obligation, in his own ſenſe :
I'll make him now by force abide,
What he by gentle means deny'd,
To give my honour ſatisfaction.
And right the brethren in the action.
This being reſolv'd, with equal ſpeed,
And conduct, he approach'd his ſteed,

1170

1175

1180

And with activity unwont, 1185
Assay'd the lofty beast to mount ;
Which once atchiev'd, he spurr'd his palfry,
To get from th' enemy and Ralph free ;
Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
And beat, at least, three lengths, the wind.



Part 2, Canto 3, Line 1083.

L. R. 1845.

AN
HEROICAL EPISTLE
OF
HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.

WELL, Sidrophel, tho' tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain,
Without trepanning of your scull,
As often as the moon's at full,
'Tis not amiss, ere ye're giv'n o'er, 5
To try one desp'rate med'cine more;
For where your case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'ft is the wisest course.
Is't possible that you, whose ears
Are of the tribe of Issachar's, 10
And might, with equal reason, either
For merit, or extent of leather,

With William Pryn's, before they were
Retrench'd, and crucify'd, compare,
Shou'd yet be deaf against a noise 15
So roaring as the public voice?
That speaks your virtues free and loud,
And openly in ev'ry crowd,
As loud as one that sings his part
T' a wheel-barrow, or turnip-cart, 20
Or your new nick-nam'd old invention
To cry green-hastings with an engine;
As if the vehemence had stunn'd,
And torn your drum-heads with the found;
And 'cause your folly's now no news, 25
But overgrown, and out of use,
Persuade yourself there's no such matter,
But that 'tis vanish'd out of nature;
When folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears; 30

For who but you could be possest
With so much ignorance and beast,
That neither all men's scorn and hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd so often in a mortar, 35
Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture,
But, like a reprobate, what course
Soever us'd, grow worse and worse?
Can no transfusion of the blood,
That makes fools cattle, do you good? 40
Nor putting pigs to a bitch to nurse,
To turn them into mongrel curs;
Put you into a way, at least,
To make yourself a better beast?
Can all your critical intrigues, 45
Of trying sound from rotten eggs;
Your sev'ral new-found remedies,
Of curing wounds and scabs in trees :

Your art of fluxing them for claps,
And purging their infected faps ; 50
Recovering shankers, cryftallines,
And nodes and blotches in their reins,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller block, your pate ?
But ftill it muft be lewdly bent 55
To tempt your own due punifhment ;
And, like your whimfy'd chariots, draw
The boys to courfe you without law ;
As if the art you have fo long
Profefs'd, of making old dogs young, 60
In you had virtue to renew
Not only youth, but childhood too :
Can you, that underftand all books,
By judging only with your looks,
Refolve all problems with your face, 65
As others do with B's and A's ;

Unriddle all that mankind knows
With solid bending of your brows ?
All arts and sciences advance,
With screwing of your countenance, 70
And with a penetrating eye,
Into th' abstrusest learning pry ;
Know more of any trade b' a hint,
Than those that have been bred up in 't,
And yet have no art, true or false, 75
To help your own bad naturals ?
But still the more you strive t' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder :
For fools are known by looking wise,
As men find woodcocks by their eyes. 80
Hence 'tis because ye 've gain'd o' th' college
A quarter share, at most, of knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent repute,
Y' assume a pow'r as absolute

To judge, and cenfure, and controll, 85
As if you were the fole Sir Poll,
And faucily pretend to know
More than your dividend comes to :
You 'll find the thing will not be done
With ignorance and face alone : 90
No, tho' ye 've purchas'd to your name,
In hiftory, fo great a fame ;
That now your talent 's fo well-known,
For having all belief out-grown,
That ev'ry ftrange prodigious tale 95
Is meafur'd by your German fcale
By which the virtuofi try
The magnitude of ev'ry lie,
Caft up to what it does amount,
And place the bigg'ft to your account ; 100
That all thofe ftories that are laid
Too truly to you, and thofe made,

Are now ſtill charg'd upon your ſcore,
 And leſſer authors nam'd no more.
 Alas ! that faculty deſtroys 105
 Thoſe ſoonest it deſigns to raiſe ;
 And all your vain renown will ſpoil,
 As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil ;
 Though he that has but impudence,
 To all things has a fair pretence ; 110
 And put among his wants but ſhame,
 To all the world may lay his claim :
 Tho' you have try'd that nothing 's borne
 With greater eaſe than public ſcorn,
 That all affronts do ſtill give place 115
 To your impenetrable face ;
 That makes your way thro' all affairs,
 As pigs thro' hedges creep with theirs :
 Yet as 'tis counterfeit and braſs,
 You muſt not think 'twill always paſs ; 120

For all impostors, when they're known,
Are past their labour, and undone :
And all the best that can befall
An artificial natural,
Is that which madmen find, as soon 125
As once they 're broke loose from the moon,
And proof against her influence,
Relapse to e'er so little sense,
To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
For sport of boys, and rabble-wit. 130

PART III.

FIRST CANTO.

The Argument.

*The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce ;
They both approach the Lady's bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to woo her.
She treats them with a masquerade,
By furies and hobgoblins made ;
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him from himself by night.*



Part 3. Canto 1. Line 463.

J. Reynolds sculp.

H U D I B R A S.

CANTO I.

'Tis true, no lover has that pow'r
T' enforce a desperate amour,
As he that has two strings to 's bow,
And burns for love and money too :
For when he 's brave and resolute,
Disdains to render in his suit ;

H' as all his flames and raptures double,
And hangs or drowns with half the trouble ;
While those who fillily pursue
The simple downright way, and true, 10
Make as unlucky applications,
And steer against the stream their passions.
Some forge their mistresses of stars,
And when the ladies prove averse,
And more untoward to be won 15
Than by Caligula the moon,
Cry out upon the stars for doing
Ill offices, to cross their wooing,
When only by themselves they 're hindred,
For trusting those they made her kindred, 20
And still the harsher and hide-bounder,
The damsels prove, become the fonder ;
For what mad lover ever dy'd
To gain a soft and gentle bride ?

Or for a lady tender-hearted, 25
In purling streams or hemp departed ?
Leap'd headlong int' Elyfium,
Thro' th' windows of a dazzling room?
But for some cross ill-natur'd dame,
The am'rous fly burnt in his flame. 30
This to the Knight could be no news,
With all mankind so much in use ;
Who therefore took the wiser course,
To make the most of his amours,
Resolv'd to try all forts of ways, 35
As follows in due time and place.

No sooner was the bloody fight
Between the wizard and the knight,
With all th' appurtenances over,
But he relaps'd again t' a lover ; 40

As he was always wont to do,
When h' ad discomfited a foe,
And us'd the only antic philters
Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.
But now triumphant and victorious, 45
He held th' atchievement was too glorious
For such a conqueror to meddle
With petty constable or beadle ;
Or fly for refuge to the hostels
Of th' inns of court and chanc'ry, justice ; 50
Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause
To th' ordeal trial of the laws ;
Where none escape, but such as branded,
With red hot irons, have past bare-handed ;
And if they cannot read one verse 55
I th' psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.
He, therefore, judging it below him,
To tempt a shame the dev'l might owe him,

Resolv'd to leave the Squire for bail
And mainprize for him, to the jail ; 60
To answer, with his vessel, all
That might disastrously befall.
He thought it now the fittest juncture
To give the lady a rencounter ;
T' acquaint her with his expedition, 65
And conquest o'er the fierce magician ;
Describe the manner of the fray,
And shew the spoils he brought away ;
His bloody scourging aggravate,
The number of the blows and weight : 70
All which might probably succeed,
And gain belief he 'ad done the deed :
Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare
No pawning of his soul to swear ;
But, rather than produce his back, 75
To set his conscience on the rack ;

And, in purfuance of his urging
Of articles perform'd, and fcourging,
And all things elfe, upon his part,
Demand delivery of her heart, 80
Her goods and chattels, and good graces,
And perfon, up to his embraces.
Thought he, the ancient errant knights
Won all their ladies' hearts in fights,
And cut whole giants into fitters, 85
To put them into am'rous twitters ;
Whofe ftubborn bowels fcorn'd to yield,
Until their gallants were half kill'd ;
But when their bones were drubb'd fo fore,
They durft not woo one combat more, 90
The ladies' hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd with blows their lovers felt.
So Spanifh heroes, with their lances,
At once wound bulls and ladies' fancies ;

And he acquires the nobleſt ſpouſe
That widows greateſt herds of cows ;
Then what may I expect to do,
Who 've quell'd ſo vaſt a buffalo ?

Mean while the Squire was on his way,
The knight's late orders to obey ; 100
Who sent him for a strong detachment
Of beadles, constables, and watchmen,
T' attack the cunning man for plunder
Committed falsely on his lumber ;
When he, who had so lately sack'd 105
The enemy, had done the fact,
Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own inventions father'd : 110

105

110

And when they should, at jail-delivery,
Unriddle one another's thievery,
Both might have evidence enough
To render neither halter-proof.
He thought it desperate to tarry, 115
And venture to be accessory ;
But rather wisely slip his fetters,
And leave them for the Knight, his betters.
He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
He would have offer'd him that day, 120
To make him curry his own hide,
Which no beast ever did beside,
Without all possible evasion,
But of the riding dispensation.
And therefore, much about the hour 125
The knight, for reasons told before,
Resolv'd to leave him to the fury
Of justice, and an unpack'd jury,

The Squire concurr'd to abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same trim ; 130
T'acquaint the Lady what h' had done,
And what he meant to carry on ;
What project 'twas he went about,
When Sidrophel and he fell out ;
His firm and stedfast resolution, 135
To swear her to an execution ;
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
And bribe the devil himself to carry her.
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their party faints to represent, 140
Who never fail'd, upon their sharing
In any prosperous arms-bearing,
To lay themselves out to supplant
Each other cousin-german faint.
But ere the knight could do his part, 145
The Squire had got so much the start,

He 'ad to the Lady done his errand,
And told her all his tricks aforehand.

Just as he finish'd his report,
The knight alighted in the court, 150
And having ty'd his beast t' a pale,
And taking time for both to stale,
He put his band and beard in order,
The sprucer to accost and board her:
And now began t' approach the door, 155
When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' informer out of sight,
And went to entertain the knight:
With whom encountering, after longees
Of humble and submissive congees, 160
And all due ceremonies paid,
He stroak'd his beard, and thus he said:
Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie;

And now am come, to bring your ear 165
A present you'll be glad to hear ;
At least I hope so : the thing's done,
Or may I never see the fun ;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your gentle hand ; 170
And that you'd please to do your part,
As I have done mine to my smart.

With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back,
As if he felt his shoulders ake :
But she, who well enough knew what, 175
Before he spoke, he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The mystery of what he mean'd,
And therefore wish'd him to expound
His dark expressions less profound. 180

Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
How much I've suffer'd for your love,

Which, like your votary, to win,
I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin ;
And, for those meritorious lashes, 185
To claim your favour and good graces.

Quoth she, I do remember once
I freed you from th' enchanted scone ;
And that you promis'd, for that favour,
To bind your back to th' good behaviour, 190
And for my sake and service, vow'd
To lay upon 't a heavy load,
And what 't would bear to a scruple prove,
As other knights do oft' make love.
Which, whether you have done or no, 195
Concerns yourself, not me, to know ;
But if you have, I shall confess,
Y' are honefter than I could gues.

Quoth he, if you suspect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by oath ; 200

And, if you make a question on 't,
I'll pawn my soul that I have don't :
And he that makes his soul his surety,
I think does give the best security.

Quoth she, some say the soul's secure 205
Against distress and forfeiture ;
Is free from action, and exempt
From execution and contempt ;
And to be summon'd to appear
In th' other world's illegal here, 210
And therefore few make any account
Int' what incumbrances they run't :
For most men carry things so even
Between this world, and hell, and heaven,
Without the least offence to either, 215
They freely deal in all together ;
And equally abhor to quit
This world for both, or both for it :

And when they pawn and damn their souls,
They are but pris'ners on paroles. 220

For that, quoth he, 'tis rational,
They may be accountable in all :
For when there is that intercourse
Between divine and human pow'rs,
That all that we determine here 225
Commands obedience ev'ry where ;
When penalties may be commuted
For fines, or ears, and executed,
It follows, nothing binds so fast
As souls in pawn and mortgage past : 230
For oaths are the only tests and scales
Of right and wrong, and true and false ;
And there 's no other way to try
The doubts of law and justice by.

Quoth she, what is it you would swear ? 235
There 's no believing till I hear :

For, 'till they 're understood, all tales,
Like nonsense, are not true nor false.

Quoth he, when I resolv'd t' obey
What you commanded th' other day, 240
And to perform my exercise,
As schools are wont, for your fair eyes ;
T' avoid all scruples in the case,
I went to do 't upon the place ;
But as the castle is enchanted 245
By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted
With evil spirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two,
Before I'd hardly time to lay
My weapons by, and disarray, 250
I heard a formidable noise,
Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,
That roar'd far off, dispatch and strip,
I'm ready with th' infernal whip,

That shall divest thy ribs of skin, 255
To expiate thy ling'ring sin ;
Thou 'aft broke perfidiously th yoath,
And not perform'd thy plighted troth,
But spar'd thy renegado back,
Where thou 'adst so great a prize at stake, 260
Which now the fates have order'd me,
For penance and revenge, to flea,
Unless thou presently make haste ;
Time is, time was ; and there it ceast.
With which, tho' startl'd, I confess, 265
Yet th' horror of the thing was less
Than the other dismal apprehension
Of interruption or prevention ;
And therefore, snatching up the rod,
I laid upon my back a load, 270
Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,
To make my word and honour good ;

Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,
For new recruits of breath and strength,
I felt the blows still ply'd as fast, 275
As if they 'ad been by lovers plac'd,
In raptures of Platonic lashing,
And chaste contemplative bardashing :
When facing hastily about,
To stand upon my guard and scout, 280
I found th' infernal cunning man,
And th' under-witch, his caliban,
With scourges, like the furies, arm'd,
That on my outward quarters storm'd.
In haste I snatch'd my weapon up, 285
And gave their hellish rage a stop ;
Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
Courageously on Sidrophel,
Who now transform'd himself t' a bear,
Began to roar aloud, and tear ; 290

When I as furiously prefs'd on,
My weapon down his throat to run,
Laid hold on him ; but he broke loose,
And turn'd himself into a goose,
Div'd under water, in a pond, 295
To hide himself from being found ;
In vain I fought him ; but as soon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd, with equal haste and rage,
His under-forc'rer to engage ; 300
But bravely scorning to defile
My sword with feeble blood, and vile,
I judg'd it better from a quick-
Set-hedge to cut a knotted stick,
With which I furiously laid on ; 305
Till, in a harsh and doleful tone,
It roar'd out, o hold, for pity, fir,
I am too great a sufferer,

Abus'd as you have been b' a witch,
But conjur'd int' a worfe caprich, 310
Who fends me out on many a jaunt,
Old houfes in the night to haunt,
For opportunities t' improve
Defigns of thievery or love ;
With drugs convey'd in drink or meat, 315
All feats of witches counterfeit ;
Kill pigs and geefe with powder'd glaſs,
And make it for enchantment paſs ;
With cow-itch meazle like a leper,
And choke with fumes of Guinea pepper ; 320
Make letchers, and their punks, with dewtry,
Commit phantaſtical advowtry ;
Bewitch hermetic men to run
Stark ſtaring mad with manicon ;
Believe mechanic virtuofi 325
Can raife 'em mountains in Potoſi ;

And fillier than the antic fools,
Take treasure for a heap of coals ;
Seek out for plants with signatures,
To quack off univerfal cures ; 330
With figures, ground on pains of glafs,
Make people on their heads to pafs ;
And mighty heaps of coin increafe,
Reflected from a fingle piece ;
To draw in fools, whose nat'ral itches 335
Incline perpetually to witches,
And keep me in continual fears,
And danger of my neck and ears ;
When lefs delinquents have been fcourg'd,
And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd, 340
Which others for cravats have worn
About their necks, and took a turn.

I pity'd the sad punishment
The wretched caitiff underwent,

And held my drubbing of his bones 345
Too great an honour for poltroons ;
For knights are bound to feel no blows
From paltry and unequal foes,
Who, when they flash and cut to pieces,
Do all with civillest addressees : 350
Their horses never give a blow,
But when they make a leg and bow.
I therefore spar'd his flesh, and prest him
About the witch, with many a question.

Quoth he, for many years he drove 355
A kind of broking-trade in love,
Employ'd in all th' intrigues and trust,
Of feeble speculative lust ;
Procurer to th' extravagancy,
And crazy ribaldry of fancy, 360
By those the devil had forfok,
As things below him, to provoke ;

But b'ing a virtuoso, able
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his talent most adroit, 365
For any mystical exploit,
As others of his tribe had done,
And rais'd their prizes three to one ;
For one predicting pimp has th' odds
Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds. 370
But as an elf, the devil's valet,
Is not so slight a thing to get,
For those that do his bus'ness best,
In hell are us'd the ruggedest ;
Before so meriting a person 375
Cou'd get a grant, but in reversion,
He serv'd two 'prenticeships, and longer,
I' th' myst'ry of a lady-monger.
For, as some write, a witch's ghost,
As soon as from the body loos'd, 380

Becomes a puiſney imp itſelf,
And is another witch's elf,
He, after ſearching far and near,
At length found one in Lancaſhire,
With whom he bargain'd beforehand, 385
And, after hanging, entertain'd :
Since which he 'as play'd a thouſand feats,
And practis'd all mechanic cheats :
Transform'd himſelf to th' ugly ſhapes
Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes, 390
Which he has vary'd more than witches,
Or Pharaoh's wizards could their ſwitches ;
And all with whom he 'as had to do,
Turn'd to as monſtrous figures too ;
Witneſs myſelf, whom he 'as abus'd, 395
And to this beaſtly ſhape reduc'd,
By feeding me on beans and peas,
He crams in naſty crevices,

And turns to comfits by his arts,
To make me relish for deserts ; 400
And one by one, with shame and fear,
Lick up the candy'd provender.
Beside—But as h' was running on,
To tell what other feats he 'ad done,
The Lady stopt his full career, 405
And told him, now 'twas time to hear,
If half those things, said she, be true.
They 're all, quoth he, I swear by you.
Why then, said she, that Sidrophel
Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell, 410
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
And hackney of a Lapland hag,
In quest of you came hither post,
Within an hour, I 'm sure, at most,
Who told me all you swear and say, 415
Quite contrary, another way ;

Vow'd that you came to him, to know
If you shou'd carry me or no ;
And would have hir'd him and his imps,
To be your match-makers and pimps, 420
T' engage the devil on your side,
And steal, like Proserpine, your bride ;
But he, disdaining to embrace
So filthy a design, and base,
You fell to vapouring and huffing, 425
And drew upon him like a ruffin ;
Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before he 'ad time to mount his guard,
And left him dead upon the ground,
With many a bruise and desperate wound ; 430
Swore you had broke and rob'd his house,
And stole his talismanique louse,
And all his new-found old inventions,
With flat felonious intentions,

Which he could bring out, where he had, 435
And what he bought 'em for, and paid ;
His flea, his morpion, and punese,
He 'ad gotten for his proper ease,
And all in perfect minutes made,
By th' ablest artists of the trade ; 440
Which, he could prove it, since he lost,
He has been eaten up almost,
And all together, might amount
To many hundreds on account ;
For which he 'ad got sufficient warrant 445
To seize the malefactors errant,
Without capacity of bail,
But of a cart's or horse's tail ;
And did not doubt to bring the wretches
To serve for pendulums to watches, 450
Which, modern virtuosi say,
Incline to hanging every way.

Befide, he fwore, and fwore 'twas true,
That ere he went in queft of you,
He fet a figure to difcover 455
If you were fled to Rye or Dover ;
And found it clear, that to betray
Yourfelves and me, you fled this way ;
And that he was upon purfuit,
To take you fomewhere hereabout. 460
He vow'd he had intelligence
Of all that pafs'd before and fince ;
And found, that ere you came to him,
Y' had been engaging life and limb
About a cafe of tender confcience, 465
Where both abounded in your own fenfe ;
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
Had clear'd all fcruples in the cafe,
And prov'd that you might fwear, and own
Whatever's by the wicked done : 470

For which, most basely to requite
The service of his gifts and light,
You strove t' oblige him, by main force,
To scourge his ribs instead of yours ;
But that he stood upon his guard, 475
And all your vapouring outdar'd ;
For which, between you both, the feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white ; 480
As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon 't ;
He wonder'd how she came to know
What he had done, and meant to do ;
Held up his affidavit hand, 485
As if he 'ad been to be arraign'd ;
Cast tow'ards the door a ghastly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke :

Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the wizard has told you, 490
Or but one single circumstance
In all th' apocryphal romance,
May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
This vessel, that is all your own ;
Or may the heavens fall, and cover 495
These reliques of your constant lover.

You have provided well, quoth she,
I thank you, for yourself and me,
And shewn your presbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the jesuits ; 500
A most compendious way, and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the devil,
With heaven and hell, yourselves, and those
On whom you vainly think t' impose.
Why then, quoth he, may hell surprize. 505
That trick, said she, will not pass twice :

I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve ;
But there's a better way of clearing
What you would prove, than downright swearing:
For if you have perform'd the feat,
The blows are visible as yet,
Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of nicest scruples in the action ;
And if you can produce those knobs, 515
Altho' they're but the witch's drubs,
I'll pass them all upon account,
As if your nat'ral self had don't ;
Provided that they pass th' opinion
Of able juries of old women, 520
Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts
For bellies, may do so for backs.

Madam, quoth he, your love's a million,
To do is less than to be willing,

As I am, were it in my power, 525

T' obey what you command, and more ;

But for performing what you bid,

I thank you as much as if I did.

You know I ought to have a care

To keep my wounds from taking air : 530

For wounds in those that are all heart,

Are dangerous in any part.

I find, quoth she, my goods and chattels

Are like to prove but mere drawn battles ;

For still the longer we contend, 535

We are but farther off the end.

But granting now we should agree,

What is it you expect from me ?

Your plighted faith, quoth he, and word

You pass'd in heaven, on record, 540

Where all contracts t' have and t' hold,

Are everlastingly enroll'd :

And if 'tis counted treason here
To raze records, 'tis much more there.

Quoth she, there are no bargains driv'n, 545
Nor marriages clapp'd up in heav'n;
And that 's the reason, as some guefs,
There is no heav'n in marriages;
Two things that naturally prefs
Too narrowly, to be at ease : 550
Their bus'ness there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve;
Love, that 's too generous t' abide
To be against its nature ty'd;
For where 'tis of itself inclin'd, 555
It breaks loose when it is confin'd,
And like the foul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away ; 560

And therefore never can comply,
T' endure the matrimonial tie,
That binds the female and the male,
Where th' one is but the other's bail ;
Like Roman gaolers, when they slept, 565
Chain'd to the prisoners they kept :
Of which the true and faithfull'st lover
Gives best security to suffer.
Marriage is but a beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way, 570
And therefore 'tis not to be admir'd,
It should so suddenly be tir'd ;
A bargain, at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade ;
For what 's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold, 575
But something past away and fold ?
That, as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low ;

And at the best is but a mart
Between the one and th' other part, 580
That on the marriage day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet is laid ;
And all the rest of better or worse,
Both are but losers out of purse :
For when upon their ungot heirs 585
Th' entail themselves and all that 's theirs,
What blinder bargain ere was driven,
Or wager laid at fix and seven ?
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their children's tenants ere they're born ? 590
Beg one another idiot
To guardians, ere they are begot ;
Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one
Who 's bound to vouch them for his own,
Tho' got b' implicit generation, 595
And general club of all the nation ;

For which ſhe 's fortify'd no leſs
Than all the iſland with four ſeas ;
Exacts the tribute of her dower,
In ready infolence and power, 600
And makes him paſs away, to have
And hold to her, himſelf, her ſlave,
More wretched than an ancient villain,
Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling ;
While all he does upon the by, 605
She is not bound to juſtify,
Nor at her proper coſt and charge
Maintain the feats he does at large.
Such hideous ſots were thoſe obedient
Old vaffals to their ladies regent, 610
To give the cheats the eldeſt hand
In foul play, by the laws o' th' land,
For which ſo many a legal cuckold
Has been run down in courts, and truckl'd :

A law that most unjustly yokes 615
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Nokes,
Without distinction of degree,
Condition, age, or quality ;
Admits no pow'r of revocation,
Nor valuable consideration, 620
Nor writ of error, nor reverse
Of judgment past, for better or worse ;
Will not allow the privileges
That beggars challenge under hedges,
Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead horses
Their spiritual judges of divorces ;
While nothing else but rem in re,
Can set the proudest wretches free ;
A slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring. 630
As spiders never seek the fly,
But leave him, of himself, t' apply ;

So men are by themselves betray'd,
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their necks into a noose, 635
They 'd break 'em after to break loose.
As some, whom death would not depart,
Have done the feat themselves by art.
Like Indian widows, gone to bed
In flaming curtains to the dead : 640
And men as often dangled for 't,
And yet will never leave the sport.
Nor do the ladies want excuse
For all the stratagems they use,
To gain th' advantage of the set, 645
And lurch the amorous rook and cheat.
For as a Pythagorean soul
Runs thro' all beasts, and fish, and fowl,
And has a smack of ev'ry one,
So love does, and has ever done ; 650

And therefore, tho' 'tis ne'er so fond,
Takes strangely to the vagabond.
'Tis but an ague that 's reverst,
Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
That after burns with cold as much 655
As iron in Greenland does the touch ;
Melts in the furnace of desire,
Like glass, that 's but the ice of fire ;
And when his heat of fancy 's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a lover : 660
For when he 's with love-powder laden,
And prim'd and cock'd by Miss or Madam,
The smallest sparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery,
And off the loud oaths go, but, while 665
They're in the very act, recoil :
Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance
Without a sep'rate maintenance ;

And widows, who have try'd one lover,
Trust none again 'till they 've made over; 670
Or if they do, before they marry,
The foxes weigh the geese they carry;
And ere they venture o'er a stream,
Know how to fize themselves, and them.
Whence wittiest ladies always choose 675
To undertake the heaviest goose:
For now the world is grown so wary,
That few of either sex dare marry,
But rather trust on tick t' amours,
The cross and pile for better or worse; 680
A mode that is held honourable,
As well as French, and fashionable:
For when it falls out for the best,
Where both are incommoded least,
In soul and body two unite, 685
To make up one hermaphrodite,

Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,
They 've more punctilios and capriches
Between the petticoat and breeches, 690
More petulant extravagances,
Than poets make 'em in romances ;
Tho', when their heroes 'spouse the dames,
We hear no more of charms and flames ;
For then their late attracts decline, 695
And turn as eager as prick'd wine ;
And all their catterwauling tricks,
In earnest to as jealous piques,
Which th' ancients wisely signify'd
By th' yellow mantos of the bride. 700
For jealousy is but a kind
Of clap and grincam of the mind,
The natural effect of love,
As other flames and aches prove :

But all the mischief is, the doubt 705
On whose account they first broke out ;
For tho' Chineses go to bed,
And lie-in in their ladies stead,
And, for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more ; 710
Our green-men do it worfe, when th' hap
To fall in labour of a clap;
Both lay the child to one another,
But who's the father, who the mother,
'Tis hard to say in multitudes, 715
Or who imported the French goods.
But health and sickness b'ing all one,
Which both engag'd before to own,
And are not with their bodies bound
To worship, only when they're found, 720
Both give and take their equal shares
Of all they suffer by false wares ;

A fate no lover can divert
With all his caution, wit, and art :
For 'tis in vain to think to gueſs 725
At women by appearances,
That paint and patch their imperfections
Of intellectual complexions,
And daub their tempers o'er with waſhes
As artificial as their faces ; 730
Wear under vizard-masks their talents,
And mother-wits before their gallants :
Until they 're hamper'd in the nooſe,
Too faſt to dream of breaking looſe ;
When all the flaws they ſtrove to hide 735
Are made unready with the bride,
That with her wedding-clothes undreſſes
Her complaiſance and gentileſſes ;
Tries all her arts to take upon her
The government, from th' eaſy owner ; 740

Until the wretch is glad to wave
His lawful right, and turn her slave ;
Finds all his having and his holding
Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding ;
The conjugal petard, that tears 745
Down all portcullices of ears,
And makes the volly of one tongue
For all their leathern shields too strong ;
When only arm'd with noise and nails,
The female filkworms ride the males, 750
Transform 'em into rams and goats,
Like Syrens, with their charming notes ;
Sweet as a screech-owl's ferenade,
Or those enchanting murmurs made
By th' husband mandrake, and the wife, 755
Both bury'd, like themselves, alive.

Quoth he, these reasons are but strains
Of wanton, over-heated brains,

Which ralliers in their wit or drink
Do rather wheedle with, than think. 760
Man was not man in paradise,
Until he was created twice,
And had his better half, his bride,
Carv'd from th' original, his side,
T' amend his natural defects, 765
And perfect his recruited sex ;
Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen
The pains and labour of increas'ing,
By changing them for other cares,
As by his dry'd-up paps appears. 770
His body, that stupendous frame,
Of all the world the anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact,
In shape and fymmetry exact,
Of which the left and female side 775
Is to the manly right a bride,

Both join'd together with fuch art,
That nothing elfe but death can part.
Thofe heav'nly attracts of your's, your eyes,
And face, that all the world furprife, 780
That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And fcorch all other ladies tawny ;
Thofe ravifhing and charming graces,
Are all made up of two half faces
That, in a mathematic line, 785
Like thofe in other heav'ns, join ;
Of which, if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon :
And fo would that fweet bud, your lip,
Without the other's fellowfhip. 790
Our nobleft fenfes act by pairs,
Two eyes to fee, to hear two ears ;
Th' intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the foul defign'd :

But those that serve the body alone, 795
Are single and confin'd to one.
The world is but two parts, that meet
And close at th' equinoctial fit ;
And so are all the works of nature,
Stamp'd with her signature on matter ; 800
Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
Or smallest blade of grass, receive.
All which sufficiently declare
How entirely marriage is her care,
The only method that she uses, 805
In all the wonders she produces ;
And those that take their rules from her
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err :
For what secures the civil life,
But pawns of children, and a wife ? 810
That lie, like hostages, at stake,
To pay for all men undertake ;

To whom it is as necessary,
As to be born and breathe, to marry ;
So universal, all mankind 815
In nothing else is of one mind :
For in what stupid age, or nation,
Was marriage ever out of fashion ?
Unless among the Amazons,
Or cloister'd friars and vestal nuns, 820
Or stoicks, who, to bar the freaks
And loose excesses of the sex,
Prepost'rously would have all women
Turn'd up to all the world in common ;
Tho' men would find such mortal feuds 825
In sharing of their public goods,
'Twould put them to more charge of lives,
Than th' are supply'd with now by wives ;
Until they graze and wear their clothes,
As beasts do, of their native growths : 830

For simple wearing of their horns
Will not suffice to serve their turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unless the marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no right to lands or rents, 835
But for our parents' settlements;
Had been but younger sons o' th' earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.
What honours, or estates of peers,
Could be preserv'd but by their heirs? 840
And what security maintains
Their right and title, but the bans?
What crowns could be hereditary,
If greatest monarchs did not marry,
And with their consorts consummate 845
Their weightiest interests of state?
For all th' amours of princes are
But guarantees of peace or war.

Or what but marriage has a charm,
The rage of empires to disarm? 850
Make blood and desolation cease,
And fire and sword unite in peace,
When all their fierce contests for forage
Conclude in articles of marriage?
Nor does the genial bed provide 855
Less for the interests of the bride,
Who else had not the least pretence
T' as much as due benevolence;
Could no more title take upon her
To virtue, quality, and honour, 860
Than ladies errant unconfin'd,
And feme-coverts t' all mankind.
All women would be of one piece,
The virtuous matron, and the miss;
The nymphs of chaste Diana's train, 865
The same with those in Lewkner's-lane,

But for the diff'rence marriage makes
'Twixt wives and ladies of the lakes :
Besides, the joys of place and birth,
The sex's paradise on earth, 870
A privilege so sacred held,
That none will to their mothers yield ;
But rather than not go before,
Abandon heaven at the door :
And if th' indulgent law allows 875
A greater freedom to the spouse,
The reason is, because the wife
Runs greater hazards of her life ;
Is trusted with the form and matter
Of all mankind, by careful Nature, 880
Where man brings nothing but the stuff
She frames the wond'rous fabric of ;
Who therefore, in a strait, may freely
Demand the clergy of her belly,

And make it save her the same way 885
It feldom misses to betray ;
Unless both parties wisely enter
Into the liturgy-indenture.
And tho' some fits of small contest
Sometimes fall out among the best, 890
That is no more than ev'ry lover
Does from his hackney lady suffer ;
That makes no breach of faith and love,
But rather, sometimes, serves t' improve ;
For as, in running, ev'ry pace 895
Is but between two legs a race,
In which both do their uttermost
To get before, and win the post ;
Yet when they 're at their race's ends,
They're still as kind and constant friends, 900
And, to relieve their weariness,
By turns give one another ease ;

So all those false alarms of strife
Between the husband and the wife,
And little quarrels often prove 905
To be but new recruits of love ;
When those who 're always kind or coy,
In time must either tire or cloy.
Nor are their loudest clamours more
Than as they 're relish'd, sweet or sour ; 910
Like music, that proves bad or good,
According as 'tis understood.
In all amours a lover burns
With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns ;
And hearts have been as oft' with fullen, 915
As charming looks, surpris'd and stolen :
Then why should more bewitching clamour
Some lovers not as much enamour ?
For discords make the sweetest airs,
And curses are a kind of pray'rs ; 920

Too flight alloys for all those grand
Felicities by marriage gain'd :
For nothing else has pow'r to settle
Th' interests of love perpetual :
An act and deed that makes one heart 925
Become another's counterpart,
And passes fines on faith and love,
Inroll'd and register'd above.
To seal the slippery knots of vows,
Which nothing else but death can loose. 930
And what security's too strong
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
That to its friend is glad to pass
Itself away, and all it has,
And, like an anchorite, gives over 935
This world, for th' heav'n of a lover ?

I grant, quoth she, there are some few
Who take that course, and find it true ;

But millions, whom the same does sentence
To heav'n b' another way, repentance. 940
Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,
Tho' all they hit they turn to lovers,
And all the weighty consequents
Depend upon more blind events
Than gamesters, when they play a set 945
With greatest cunning at piquet :
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unfight, unseen.
For what do lovers, when they're fast
In one another's arms embrac'd, 950
But strive to plunder, and convey
Each other, like a prize, away ?
To change the property of selves,
As sucking children are by elves ?
And if they use their persons so, 955
What will they to their fortunes do ?

Their fortunes ! the perpetual aims
Of all their ecstasies and flames.
For when the money's on the book,
And all my worldly goods—but spoke, 960
The formal livery and feisin
That puts a lover in possession ;
To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,
The bride a flam that's superfeded :
To that their faith is still made good, 965
And all the oaths to us they vow'd ;
For when we once resign our pow'rs,
We've nothing left we can call ours :
Our money's now become the mifs
Of all your lives and services ; 970
And we forsaken and postpon'd,
But bawds to what before we own'd :
Which, as it made y' at first gallant us,
So now hires others to supplant us,

Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors, 975
As we had been, for new amours.
For what did ever heirefs yet,
By being born to lordships get?
When, the more lady she's of manors,
She's but expos'd to more trepanners, 980
Pays for their projects and designs,
And for her own destruction fines;
And does but tempt them with her riches,
To use her as the dev'l does witches,
Who takes it for a special grace, 985
To be their cully for a space,
That, when the time's expir'd, the drazels
For ever may become his vassals:
So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,
Betrays herself, and all she inherits; 990
Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,
By pimps, and matchmakers, and bawds;

Until they force her to convey,
And steal the thief himself away.
These are the everlasting fruits 995
Of all your passionate love-fuits,
Th' effects of all your am'rous fancies,
To portions and inheritances ;
Your love-sick raptures for fruition
Of dowry, jointure, and tuition ; 1000
To which you make address and courtship,
And with your bodies strive to worship,
That th' infant's fortunes may partake
Of love too, for the mother's sake.
For these you play at purposes, 1005
And love your loves with A's and B's ;
For these at Beste and L'Ombre woo,
And play for love and money too ;
Strive who shall be the ablest man
At right gallanting of a fan ; 1010

And who the most genteelly bred
At fucking of a vizard-bead ;
How best t' accost us in all quarters,
T' our question and command new garters ;
And solidly discourse upon 1015
All forts of dresses pro and con :
For there's no mystery nor trade,
But in the art of love is made ;
And when you have more debts to pay
Than Michaelmas and Lady-day, 1020
And no way possibly to do 't
But love and oaths, and restless suit,
To us y' apply, to pay the scores
Of all your cully'd past amours ;
Act o'er your flames and darts again, 1025
And charge us with your wounds and pain ;
Which other's influences long since
Have charm'd your noses with, and shins ;

For which the furgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid. 1030
Lord ! what an am'rous thing is want !
How debts and mortgages enchant !
What graces must that lady have,
That can from executions save !
What charms, that can reverse extent, 1035
And null decree and exigent !
What magical attracts, and graces,
That can redeem from scire facias !
From bonds and statutes can discharge,
And from contempts of courts enlarge ! 1040
These are the highest excellencies
Of all your true or false pretences ;
And you would damn yourselves, and swear
As much t' an hostess dowager,
Grown fat and purfy by retail 1045
Of pots of beer and bottled ale,

And find her fitter for your turn,
For fat is wond'rous apt to burn ;
Who at your flames would soon take fire,
Relent, and melt to your desire, 1050
And, like a candle in the socket,
Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When th' heard a knocking at the gate,
Laid on in haste, with such a powder, 1055
The blows grew louder still and louder :
Which Hudibras, as if they 'd been,
Bestow'd as freely on his skin,
Expounding by his inward light,
Or rather more prophetic fright, 1060
To be the wizard come to search,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout,
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt :

For men will tremble, and turn paler, 1065
With too much, or too little valour.
His heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a passage thro' his side,
Impatient, as he vow'd, to wait 'em,
But in a fury to fly at 'em ; 1070
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.
But she, who saw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cry'd, courage, Sir Knight, 1075
Know I'm resolv'd to break no rite
Of hospitality t' a stranger ;
But, to secure you out of danger,
Will here myself stand sentinel,
To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel : 1080
Women, you know, do seldom fail
To make the stoutest men turn tail,

And bravely scorn to turn their backs,
Upon the desp'ratest attacks.

At this the knight grew resolute 1085

As Ironside, or Hardiknute ;

His fortitude began to rally,

And out he cry'd aloud, to fally ;

But she besought him to convey

His courage rather out o' th' way, 1090

And lodge in ambush on the floor,

Or fortify'd behind a door,

That, if the enemy should enter,

He might relieve her in th' adventure.

Meanwhile they knock'd against the door,

As fierce as at the gate before ;

Which made the renegado knight

Relapse again t' his former fright.

He thought it desperate to stay

Till th' enemy had forc'd his way, 1100

But rather post himself, to serve
The lady for a fresh reserve.
His duty was not to dispute,
But what she 'd order'd execute ;
Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey, 1105
And therefore stoutly march'd away,
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
Tho' in the dark, and all alone ;
Till fear, that braver feats performs
Than ever courage dar'd in arms, 1110
Had drawn him up before a pass,
To stand upon his guard, and face ;
This he courageously invaded,
And, having enter'd, barricado'd ;
Enfconcd himself as formidable 1115
As could be, underneath a table ;
Where he lay down in ambush close,
T' expect th' arrival of his foes.

Few minutes he had lain perdue,
To guard his desp'rate avenue, 1120
Before he heard a dreadful shout,
As loud as putting to the rout,
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd,
And after ent'ring, Sidrophel 1125
Was fall'n upon the guards pellmell ;
He therefore sent out all his senses
To bring him in intelligences,
Which vulgars, out of ignorance,
Mistake for falling in a trance ; 1130
But those that trade in geomancy,
Affirm to be the strength of fancy ;
In which the Lapland Magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Mean while the foe beat up his quarters, 1135
And storm'd the outworks of his fortress ;

And as another of the fame
Degree and party, in arms and fame,
That in the fame caufe had engag'd,
And war with equal conduct wag'd, 1140
By vent'ring only but to thrust
His head a fpan beyond his poft,
B' a gen'ral of the cavaliers
Was dragg'd thro' a window by the ears :
So he was ferv'd in his redoubt, 1145
And by the other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they fcorn'd to trade and barter,
By giving, or by taking quarter : 1150
They ftoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his fcouts came in t' his aid :
For when a man is paff his fenfe,
There 's no way to reduce him thence,

But twinging him by th' ears or nose, 1155

Or laying on of heavy blows :

And if that will not do the deed,

To burning with hot irons proceed.

No sooner was he come t' himself,

But on his neck a sturdy elf 1160

Clapp'd in a trice his cloven hoof,

And thus attack'd him with reproof :

Mortal, thou art betray'd to us

B' our friend, thy evil genius,

Who for thy horrid perjuries, 1165

Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,

The brethren's privilege, against

The wicked, on themselves, the faints,

Has here thy wretched carcass sent,

For just revenge and punishment ; 1170

Which thou hast now no way to lessen,

But by an open, free confession :

For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.

What made thee venture to betray, 1175
And filch the lady's heart away?
To spirit her to matrimony?—

That which contracts all matches, money.
It was th' enchantment of her riches,
That made m' apply t' your crony witches;
That in return would pay th' expence,
The wear and tear of conscience,
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd,
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.

Didst thou not love her then? speak true.
No more, quoth he, than I love you.—

How wouldst thou've us'd her and her money?
First turn'd her up to alimony,
And laid her dowry out in law,
To null her jointure with a flaw, 1190

Which I beforehand had agreed
T' have put, on purpose, in the deed,
And bar her widow's-making-over
T' a friend in trust, or private lover.

What made thee pick and chuse her out
T' employ their forceries about?—

That which makes gamesters play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose.

But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us?— 1200

I see you take me for an ass :
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass,
Upon a woman, well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof,
Whose humours are not to be won 1205
But when they are impos'd upon ;
For love approves of all they do
That stand for candidates, and woo.

Why didst thou forge those shameful lies
Of bears and witches in disguise?— 1210

That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe ;
A trick of following the leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers ;
And we have now no other way 1215
Of passing all we do or say ;
Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few,
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of sense. 1220

Why didst thou chuse that curfed sin,
Hypocryfy, to fet up in?—

Because it is the thriving'ft calling,
The only faints' bell that rings all in ;
In which all churches are concern'd, 1225
And is the eafiest to be learn'd :

For no degrees, unless th' employ 't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy 't :
A gift that is not only able
To domineer among the rabble, 1230
But by the laws empower'd to rout,
And awe the greatest that stand out ;
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their hands should slip, and come too near ;
For no sin else, among the faints, 1235
Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy plighted vows?—
That which makes others break a house,
And hang, and scorn ye all, before
Endure the plague of being poor. 1240

Quoth he, I see you have more tricks
Than all our doting politics,
That are grown old and out of fashion,
Compar'd with your new reformation ;

That we must come to school to you, 1245
To learn your more refin'd and new.

Quoth he, if you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You 'll find yourself an errant chouse,
If y' were but at a Meeting-house. 1250

'Tis true, quoth he, we ne'er come there,
Because w' have let 'em out by th' year.

Truly, quoth he, you can't imagine
What wond'rous things they will engage in ;
That as your fellow-fiends in hell 1255
Were angels all before they fell,
So are you like to be agen
Compar'd with th' angels of us men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
Thy scholar in this mystery ; 1260
And therefore first desire to know
Some principles on which you go.

What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?—A livelihood.

What renders beating out of brains, 1265
And murder, godliness?—Great gains.

What's tender conscience?—'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch;
But, breaking out, dispatches more
Than th' epidemical'st plague-fore. 1270

What makes y' encroach upon our trade,
And damn all others?—To be paid.

What's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience?—A good living.

What makes rebelling against kings 1275
A good old cause?—Administ'rings.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.

And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again?—Two hundred more. 1280

What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?—Food and clothes.

What laws and freedom, perfecution?—
B'ing out of power, and contribution.

What makes a church a den of thieves?—
A dean and chapter, and white sleeves.

And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox?—Our own.

What makes morality a crime,
The most notorious of the time ;
Morality, which both the faints
And wicked too, cry out against?—

1290

'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin ;
And therefore no true faint allows
They shall be suffer'd to espouse :
For faints can need no conscience,
That with morality dispense ;

1295

As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted
In nature only, and not imputed : 1300
But why the wicked should do so,
We neither know, nor care to do.

What's liberty of conscience,
I th' natural and genuine sense?—

'Tis to restore with more security, 1305
Rebellion to its ancient purity ;
And christian liberty reduce
To th' elder practice of the Jews ;
For a large conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none. 1310

It is enough, quoth he, for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones :
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
Tho' he gave his name to our old Nick,
But was below the least of these, 1315
That pass i' th' world for holiness.

This said, the furies and the light
In th' instant vanish'd out of sight.
And left him in the dark alone,
With stinks of brimstone and his own. 1320

The queen of night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land,
And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west, 1325
To go to bed and take her rest;
When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
Deny'd his bones that soft repose,
Lay still expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor; 1330
And tho' he shut his eyes as fast
As if he 'ad been to sleep his last,
Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards,
To make the devil wear for vizards,

And pricking up his ears, to hark 1335
If he could hear, too, in the dark,
Was first invaded with a groan,
And after, in a feeble tone,
These trembling words : Unhappy wretch,
What hast thou gotten by this fetch, 1340
Or all thy tricks, in this new trade,
Thy holy brotherhood o' th' blade ?
By faunt'ring still on some adventure,
And growing to thy horse a Centaur ?
To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs 1345
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs ?
For still thou 'ast had the worst on 't yet,
As well in conquest as defeat :
Night is the Sabbath of mankind,
To rest the body and the mind, 1350
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd corps with sleep.

The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
As meant to him this reprimand,
Because the character did hit 1355
Point-blank upon his case so fit ;
Believ'd it was some drolling spright
That staid upon the guard that night,
And one of those he 'ad seen, and felt
The drubs he had so freely dealt ; 1360
When, after a short pause and groan,
The doleful Spirit thus went on :

This 'tis t' engage with dogs and bears
Pellmell together by the ears,
And after painful bangs and knocks, 1365
To lie in limbo in the stocks,
And from the pinnacle of glory
Fall headlong into purgatory ;

Thought he, this devil's full of malice,
That on my late disasters rallies, 1370

Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more heroic-minded ;
And at a riding handled worse,
With treats more slovenly and coarse ;
Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars, 1375
And hot disputes with conjurers :
And, when thou 'adst bravely won the day,
Wast fain to steal thyself away.

I see, thought he, this shameless elf
Would fain steal me too from myself, 1380
That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for and done ;
And now, but vent'ring to betray,
Hast met with vengeance the same way.

Thought he, how does the devil know 1385
What 'twas that I design'd to do ?
His office of intelligence,
His oracles, are ceas'd long since ;

And he knows nothing of the fairs,
But what some treach'rous spy acquaints, 1390
This is some pettifogging fiend,
Some under doorkeeper's friend's friend,
That undertakes to understand,
And juggles at the second-hand,
And now would pass for spirit Po, 1395
And all men's dark concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for 't ;
These rallying devils do no hurt.
With that he rous'd his drooping heart,
And hastily cry'd out, What art ? 1400
A wretch, quoth he, whom want of grace
Has brought to this unhappy place.

I do believe thee, quoth the Knight ;
Thus far I'm sure thou 'rt in the right :
And know what 'tis that troubles thee, 1405
Better than thou hast guess'd of me.

Thou art some paltry, blackguard spright,
Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night ;
Thou hast no work to do in th' house,
Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes ; 1410
Without the raising of which fum
You dare not be so troublesome
To pinch the flatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their work to do.
This is your bus'ness, good Pug-Robin, 1415
And your diversion dull dry bobbing,
T' entice fanatics in the dirt,
And wash 'em clean in ditches for 't ;
Of which conceit you are so proud,
At ev'ry jest you laugh aloud, 1420
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your raillery.

Sir, quoth the Voice, ye 're no such fophy
As you would have the world judge of ye.

If you design to weigh our talents 1425
I th' standard of your own false balance,
Or think it possible to know
Us ghosts, as well as we do you,
We who have been the everlasting
Companions of your drubs and basting, 1430
And never left you in contest,
With male or female, man or beast,
But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,
In all adventures as your squire.

Quoth he, That may be said as true 1435
By th' idlest pug of all your crew :
For none could have betray'd us worse
Than those allies of ours and yours.
But I have sent him for a token
To your low-country Hogen-Mogen, 1440
To whose infernal shores I hope
He'll swing like skippers in a rope :

And if ye 've been more just to me
As I am apt to think, than he,
I am afraid it is as true 1445
What th' ill-affected say of you :
Ye 've 'spous'd the covenant and cause,
By holding up your cloven paws.

Sir, quoth the voice, 'tis true, I grant,
We made, and took the covenant : 1450
But that no more concerns the cause,
Than other perj'ries do the laws,
Which, when they 're prov'd in open court,
Wear wooden peccadillos for 't :
And that 's the reason cov'nanters 1455
Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.

I see, quoth Hudibras, from whence
These scandals of the faints commence,
That are but natural effects
Of Satan's malice, and his sects', 1460

Those spider-faints, that hang by threads
Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.

Sir, quoth the voice, that may as true
And properly be said of you,
Whose talents may compare with either, 1465
Or both the other put together :
For all the Independents do,
Is only what you forc'd 'em to ;
You, who are not content alone
With tricks to put the devil down, 1470
But must have armies rais'd to back
The gospel-work you undertake ;
As if artillery and edge-tools,
Were th' only engines to save souls :
While he, poor devil, has no pow'r, 1475
By force, to run down and devour ;
Has ne'er a classis, cannot sentence
To stools, or poundage of repentance ;

Is ty'd up only to design
T' entice, and tempt, and undermine : 1480
In which you all his arts outdo,
And prove yourselves his betters too.
Hence 'tis possessions do less evil
Than mere temptations of the devil,
Which, all the horrid'st actions done, 1485
Are charg'd in courts of law upon ;
Because, unless they help the elf,
He can do little of himself ;
And, therefore, where he 's best possess'd
Acts most against his interest ; 1490
Surprises none but those who 've priests
To turn him out, and exorcists,
Supply'd with spiritual provision,
And magazines of ammunition ;
With crosses, relics, crucifixes, 1495
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes ;

The tools of working our salvation
By mere mechanic operation :
With holy water, like a fluice,
To overflow all avenues : 1500
But those who 're utterly unarm'd,
T' oppose his entrance, if he storm'd,
He never offers to surprise,
Altho' his falsest enemies ;
But is content to be their drudge, 1505
And on their errands glad to trudge :
For where are all your forfeitures
Entrusted in safe hands, but ours ?
Who are but jailers of the holes
And dungeons where you clap up fouls ; 1510
Like underkeepers, turn the keys,
T' your mittimus anathemas,
And never bogle to restore
The members you deliver o'er

Upon demand, with fairer justice, 1515
Than all your covenanting Trustees ;
Unless, to punish them the worse,
You put them in the secular powers,
And pass their souls, as some demise
The same estate in mortgage twice : 1520
When to a legal utlegation
You turn your excommunication,
And, for a groat unpaid that's due,
Distrain on soul and body too.

Thought he, 'tis no mean part of civil 1525
State-prudence to cajole the devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When he has us in his cloven hoof.

'Tis true, quoth he, that intercourse
Has pass'd between your friends and ours, 1530
That, as you trust us, in our way,
To raise your members, and to lay,

We fend you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themselves, or drown,
Or, frighted with our oratory, 1535
To leap down headlong many a story ;
Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty interests of state,
Laid out our sp'ritual gifts to further
Your great designs of rage and murther : 1540
For if the faints are nam'd from blood,
We onl' have made that title good ;
And, if it were but in our power,
We should not scruple to do more,
And not be half a foul behind 1545
Of all Diffenters of mankind.

Right, quoth the voice, and, as I scorn
To be ungrateful, in return
Of all those kind good offices,
I'll free you out of this distrefs, 1550

And fet you down in fafety, where

It is no time to tell you here.

The cock crows, and the morn draws on,

When 'tis decreed I muft be gone ;

And if I leave you here till day, 1555

You'll find it hard to get away.

With that the fpirit grop'd about

To find th' enchanted hero out,

And try'd with hafte to lift him up,

But found his forlorn hope, his crup, 1560

Unserviceable with kicks and blows,

Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.

He thought to drag him by the heels,

Like Grefham-carts, with legs for wheels ;

But fear, that fooneft cures thofe fores, 1565

In danger of relapfe to worfe,

Came in t' affift him with its aid,

And up his finking veffel weigh'd.

No sooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to dislodge ; 1570
The spirit hors'd him like a sack,
Upon the vehicle his back,
And bore him headlong into th' hall,
With some few rubs against the wall ;
Where, finding out the postern lock'd, 1575
And th' avenues as strongly block'd,
H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
And in a moment gain'd the pass ;
Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted foldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders,
And cautiously began to scout
To find their fellow-cattle out ;
Nor was it half a minute's quest,
Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,
Ty'd to a pale, instead of rack, 1585
But ne'er a saddle on his back,

Nor pistols at the faddle bow,
Convey'd away, the lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to stay,
And let the night too steal away ; 1590
But, in a trice, advanc'd the Knight
Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright,
And, groping out for Ralpho's jade,
He found the faddle too was stray'd,
And in the place a lump of soap, 1595
On which he speedily leap'd up ;
And, turning to the gate the rein, .
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain ;
While Hudibras, with equal haste,
On both sides laid about as fast, 1600
And spurr'd, as jockies use, to break,
Or padders to secure, a neck :

Where let us leave 'em for a time,
And to their churches turn our rhyme ;
To hold forth their declining state,
Which now come near an even rate. 1606



Part 3, Canto 1, Line 1161.

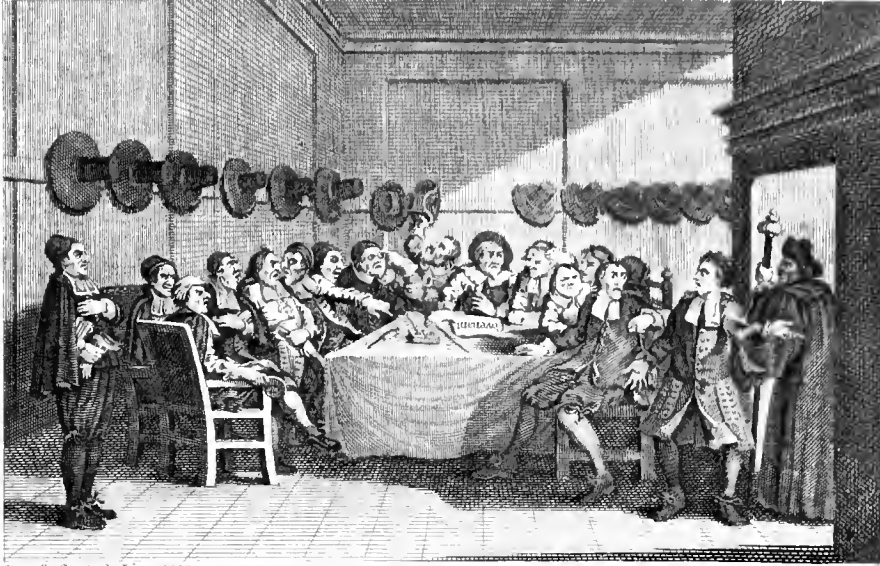
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PART III.

SECOND CANTO.

The Argument.

*The Saints engage in fierce contests
About their carnal interests,
To share their sacrilegious preys
According to their rates of grace :
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a storm ;
Till, in th' effige of Rumps, the rabble
Burn all their grandees of the cabal.*



H U D I B R A S.

CANTO II.

THE learned write, an insect breeze
 Is but a mongrel prince of bees,
 That falls before a storm on cows,
 And stings the founders of his house ;
 From whose corrupted flesh that breed
 Of vermin did at first proceed.

So, ere the storm of war broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various rout
Of petulant capricious sects,
The maggots of corrupted texts, 10
That first run all religion down,
And after ev'ry swarm its own :
For as the Persian Magi once
Upon their mothers got their sons,
That were incapable t' enjoy 15
That empire any other way ;
So Presbyter begot the other
Upon the good old cause, his mother,
That bore them like the devil's dam,
Whose son and husband are the same ; 20
And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,
Nor int'rest for their common good,
Could, when their profits interfer'd,
Get quarter for each other's beard :

For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd, 25
But only by the ears engag'd ;
Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
And play together when they've none ;
As by their truest characters,
Their constant actions, plainly appears. 30

Rebellion now began, for lack
Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack ;
The cause and covenant to lessen,
And providence to b' out of season :
For now there was no more to purchase 35
O' th' king's revenue, and the churches,
But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the brethren on ;
Which forc'd the stubborn'ft for the cause,
To cross the cudgels to the laws, 40
That what by breaking them they 'ad gain'd,
By their support might be maintain'd ;

Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,
Secur'd against the hue-and-cry.
For presbyter and independant 45
Were now turn'd plaintiff and defendant,
Laid out their apostolic functions,
On carnal orders and injunctions ;
And all their precious gifts and graces
On outlawries and scire facias ; 50
At Michael's term had many a trial,
Worse than the Dragon and St. Michael,
Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,
Into the bottomless abyss.
For when, like brethren, and like friends, 55
They came to share their dividends,
And ev'ry partner to possess
His church and state joint-purchases,
In which the ablest faint, and best,
Was nam'd in trust by all the rest, 60

To pay their money, and instead
Of ev'ry brother, pass the deed ;
He straight converted all his gifts
To pious frauds and holy shifts,
And settled all the other shares 65
Upon his outward man and 's heirs ;
Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And pass'd upon his conscience
By pre-entail of providence ; 70
Impeach'd the rest for reprobates,
That had no titles to estates,
But by their spiritual attainments
Degraded from the right of saints.
This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun 75
With law and conscience to fall on,
And laid about as hot and brainfick
As th' utter barrister of Swanfick ;

Engag'd with money bags, as bold
As men with fand-bags did of old, 80
That brought the lawyers in more fees
Than all unſanctify'd trustees ;
Till he who had no more to ſhow
I' th' caſe, receiv'd the overthrow ;
Or, both ſides having had the worſt, 85
They parted as they met at firſt.
Poor preſbyter was now reduc'd,
Secluded, and caſhier'd, and chous'd !
Turn'd out, and excommunicate
From all affairs of church and ſtate, 90
Reform'd t' a reformado ſaint,
And glad to turn itinerant,
To ſtroll and teach from town to town,
And thoſe he had taught up, teach down,
And make thoſe uſes ſerve agen 95
Againſt the new-enlighten'd men,

As fit as when at first they were
Reveal'd against the cavalier ;
Damn anabaptist and fanatic,
As pat as popish and prelatie ; 100
And with as little variation,
To serve for any sect i' th' nation.
The good old cause, which some believe
To be the dev'l that tempted Eve
With knowledge, and does still invite 105
The world to mischief with new light,
Had store of money in her purse,
When he took her for better or worse,
But now was grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of door. 110

The independents, whose first station
Was in the rear of reformation,
A mongrel kind of church-dragoons,
That serv'd for horse and foot at once,

And in the faddle of one steed 115
The faracen and christian rid ;
Were free of ev'ry spiritual order,
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder,
No sooner got the start, to lurch
Both disciplines of war and church, 120
And providence enough to run
The chief commanders of them down,
But carry'd on the war against
The common enemy o' th' faints,
And in a while prevail'd so far, 125
To win of them the game of war,
And be at liberty once more
T' attack themselves as they 'ad before.
For now there was no foe in arms
T' unite their factions with alarms, 130
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worst, themselves at home,

Who 'ad compass'd all th' pray'd, and fwore,
And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
Subdu'd the nation, church, and state, 135
And all things but their laws and hate ;
But when they came to treat and tranfact,
And share the spoil of all they 'ad ranfackt,
To botch up what they 'ad torn and rent,
Religion and the government, 140
They met no sooner, but prepar'd,
To pull down all the war had spar'd ;
Agreed in nothing, but t' abolish,
Subvert, extirpate, and demolish :
For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin, 145
As Dutch boors are t' a footerkin,
Both parties join'd to do their best
To damn the public interest,
And herded only in consults,
To put by one another's bolts ; 150

T' outcant the Babylonian labourers,
At all their dialects of jabberers,
And tug at both ends of the saw,
To tear down government and law.
For as two cheats, that play one game, 155
Are both defeated of their aim ;
So those who play a game of state,
And only cavil in debate,
Altho' there 's nothing lost nor won,
The public bus'ness is undone, 160
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer way to ruin.

 This when the royalists perceiv'd,
Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the right they had paid down 165
So dearly for, the church and crown,
Th' united constanter, and fided
The more, the more their foes divided :

For tho' outnumber'd, overthrown,
And by the fate of war run down, 170
Their duty never was defeated,
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated ;
For loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game ;
True as the dial to the sun, 175
Altho' it be not shin'd upon.
But when these bretheren in evil,
Their adversaries, and the devil,
Began once more to shew them play,
And hopes, at least, to have a day, 180
They rally'd in parades of woods,
And unfrequented solitudes ;
Conven'd at midnight in outhouses,
T' appoint new rising rendezvous,
And, with a pertinacy unmatch'd, 185
For new recruits of danger watch'd.

No sooner was one blow diverted,
But up another party started,
And as if nature too, in haste,
To furnish out supplies as fast, 190
Before her time had turn'd destruction
T' a new and numerous production ;
No sooner those were overcome,
But up rose others in their room,
That, like the christian faith, increas'd 195
The more, the more they were suppress'd :
Whom neither chains, nor transportation,
Proscription, sale or confiscation,
Nor all the desperate events
Of former try'd experiments, 200
Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,
To leave off loyalty and dangling,
Nor death, with all his bones, affright
From vent'ring to maintain the right,

From flaking life and fortune down 205

'Gainst all together, for the crown :

But kept the title of their cause

From forfeiture, like claims in laws ;

And prov'd no prosp'rous ufurpation

Can ever fettle on the nation ; 210

Until, in spite of force and treason,

They put their loy'lty in poffeffion ;

And, by their constancy and faith,

Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.

Tofs'd in a furious hurricane, 215

Did Oliver give up his reign,

And was believ'd, as well by faints

As moral men and miscreants,

To founder in the Stygian ferry,

Until he was retriev'd by Sterry, 220

Who, in a false erroneous dream,

Mistook the New-jerufalem

Profanely for th' apocryphal,
False heav'n at the end o' th' hall ;
Whither, it was decreed by fate, 225
His precious reliques to translate :
So Romulus was seen before
B' as orthodox a senator,
From whose divine illumination
He stole the pagan revelation. 230

Next him his son, and heir apparent
Succeeded, tho' a lame vicegerent,
Who first laid by the parliament;
The only crutch on which he leant,
And then sunk underneath the state, 235
That rode him above horseman's weight,

And now the faints began their reign,
For which they 'd yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such bowel-hankerings,
To see an empire, all of kings, 240

Deliver'd from th' Egyptian awe
Of justice, government, and law,
And free t' erect what spiritual cantons
Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-towns.
To edify upon the ruins 245
Of John of Leyden's old outgoings,
Who for a weather-cock hung up
Upon their mother-church's top,
Was made a type by providence,
Of all their revelations since, 250
And now fulfill'd by his successors,
Who equally mistook their measures ;
For when they came to shape the model,
Not one could fit another's noddle ;
But found their light and gifts more wide 255
From fadging, than th' un sanctify'd,
While ev'ry individual brother
Strove hand to fist against another,

And still the maddest, and most crackt,
Were found the busiest to transact ; 260
For tho' most hands dispatch apace,
And make light work, the proverb says,
Yet many different intellects
Are found t' have contrary effects ;
And many heads t' obstruct intrigues, 265
As slowest insects have most legs.

Some were for setting up a king,
But all the rest for no such thing,
Unless king Jesus : others tamper't
For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert ; 270
Some for the rump, and some more crafty,
For agitators, and the safety ;
Some for the gospel, and massacres
Of spiritual affidavit-makers,
That swore to any human regence 275
Oaths of suprem'cy and allegiance ;

Yea, tho' the ablest fwearing faint,
That vouch'd the bulls o' th' covenant :
Others for pulling down th' high places
Of fynods and provincial claffes, 280
That us'd to make fuch hostile inroads
Upon the faints, like bloody Nimrods :
Some for fulfilling prophecies,
And th' extirpation of th' excife ;
And fome againft th' Egyptian bondage 285
Of holidays, and paying poundage :
Some for the cutting down of groves,
And rectifying bakers' loaves ;
And fome for finding out expedients
Against the flav'ry of obedience: 290
Some were for gospel-minifters,
And fome for red-coat feculars,
As men moft fit t' hold forth the word,
And wield the one and th' other fword :

Some were for carrying on the work 295
Against the Pope, and some the Turk :
Some for engaging to suppress
The camifado of surplices,
That gifts and dispensations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' outward man the inward ; 300
More proper for the cloudy knight
Of popery than gospel-light :
Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a ring,
With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom 305
Is marry'd only to a thumb,
As wise as ringing of a pig,
That us'd to break up ground, and dig ;
The bride to nothing but her will,
That nulls the after-marriage still : 310
Some were for th' utter extirpation
Of linsey-woolsey in the nation ;

And some against all idolising
The crosses in some shop-books, or baptising :
Others to make all things recant 315
The christian or surname of faint,
And force all churches, streets, and towns,
The holy title to renounce ;
Some 'gainst a third estate of souls,
And bringing down the price of coals ; 320
Some for abolishing black-pudding,
And eating nothing with the blood in ;
To abrogate them roots and branches,
While others were for eating haunches
Of warriors, and now and then, 325
The flesh of kings and mighty men ;
And some for breaking of their bones
With rods of iron, by secret ones ;
For thrashing mountains, and with spells
For hallowing carriers' packs and bells ; 330

Things that the legend never heard of,
But made the wicked fore afear'd of.

The quacks of government, who fate
At th' unregarded helm of ftate,
And underftood this wild confufion 335
Of fatal madnefs and delufion,
Muft, fooner than a prodigy,
Portend deftruction to be nigh,
Confider'd timely how t' withdraw,
And fave their wind-pipes from the law ; 340
For one rencounter at the bar
Was worfe than all they 'ad 'fcap'd in war ;
And therefore met in confultation
To cant and quack upon the nation ;
Not for the fickly patient's fake, 345
Nor what to give, but what to take ;
To feel the pulfes of their fees,
More wife than fumbling arteries ;

Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover—gain. 350

'Mong these there was a politician,
With more heads than a beast in vision,
And more intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the whores of Babylon ;
So politic, as if one eye 355

Upon the other were a spy,
That to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink ;
And in his dark pragmatic way,
As busy as a child at play. 360

He 'ad seen three governments run down,
And had a hand in ev'ry one ;
Was for 'em, and against 'em all,
But barb'rous when they came to fall :
For by trepanning th' old to ruin, 365
He made his int'rest with the new one ;

Play'd true and faithful, tho' against
His conscience, and was still advanc'd :
For by the witchcraft of rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble state-camelion, 370
By giving aim from side to side,
He never fail'd to save his tide,
But got the start of ev'ry state,
And at a change, ne'er came too late ;
Cou'd turn his word, and oath, and faith, 375
As many ways as in a lath ;
By turning, wriggle, like a screw,
Int' highest trust and out for new :
For when he 'ad happily incurr'd,
Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd, 380
And pass'd upon a government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went ;
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his ladder, more, of ropes,

Would strive to raise himself upon 385
The public ruin, and his own;
So little did he understand
The desp'rate feats he took in hand,
For when he 'ad got himself a name,
For frauds and tricks he spoil'd his game; 390
Had forc'd his neck into a noose,
To shew his play at fast and loose;
And, when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook,
For art and subtlety, his luck.
So right his judgment was cut fit, 395
And made a tally to his wit,
And both together most profound
At deeds of darkness under ground;
As th' earth is easiest undermin'd,
By vermin impotent and blind. 400

By all these arts, and many more,
He 'ad practis'd long and much before,

Our state-artificer forefaw
Which way the world began to draw :
For as old finners have all points 405
O' th' compafs in their bones and joints,
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind,
And better than by Napier's bones,
Feel in their own the age of moons ; 410
So guilty finners, in a ftate,
Can by their crimes prognoficate,
And in their confciences feel pain
Some days before a fhov'r of rain :
He therefore wifely caft about 415
All ways he could t' enfore his throat,
And hither came, t' obferve and fmoke
What courfes other rifkers took,
And to the utmoft do his beft
To fave himfelf, and hang the reft. 420

To match this faint there was another,
As busy and perverse a brother,
An haberdasher of small wares
In politics and state-affairs ;
More Jew than Rabbi Achithophel, 425
And better gifted to rebel ;
For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse
The cause, aloft upon one house,
He scorn'd to set his own in order,
But try'd another, and went further ; 430
So suddenly addicted still
To's only principle, his will,
That, whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
No force of argument could move,
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'burn, 435
Cou'd render half a grain less stubborn ;
For he at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity t' harangue ;

And rather on a gibbet dangle,
Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle ; 440
In which his parts were so accomplish'd,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was non-plust :
But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease ;
And, with its everlasting clack, 445
Set all men's ears upon the rack :
No sooner could a hint appear,
But up he started to picquer,
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
When he engag'd in controversy ; 450
Not by the force of carnal reason,
But indefatigable teasing ;
With volleys of eternal babble,
And clamour, more unanswerable :
For tho' his topics, frail and weak, 455
Cou'd ne'er amount above a freak,

He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults,
Against the desp'ratest assaults ;
And back'd their feeble want of sense,
With greater heat and confidence : 460
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they 're cudgel'd, grow the stiffer.
Yet when this profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated ;
For nothing but his interest 465
Could lay his devil of contest :
It was his choice, or chance, or curse,
T' espouse the cause for better or worse,
And with his worldly goods and wit,
And soul and body worhipp'd it : 470
But when he found the fullen trapes
Possess'd with th' devil, worms, and claps ;
The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks,
Not half so full of jadis tricks,

Tho' squeamish in her outward woman, 475
As loose and rampant as Doll Common ;
He still resolv'd to mend the matter,
T' adhere and cleave the obstinater ;
And still the skittisher and looser
Her freaks appear'd, to fit the closer : 480
For fools are stubborn in their way,
As coins are harden'd by th' allay :
And obstinacy 's ne'er so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.

These two, with others, being met, 485
And close in consultation set,
After a discontented pause,
And not without sufficient cause,
The orator we mention'd late,
Less troubled with the pangs of state, 490
Than with his own impatience,
To give himself first audience,

After he had awhile look'd wife,
At last broke silence, and the ice.

Quoth he, there 's nothing makes me doubt
Our last outgoings brought about,
More than to see the characters
Of real jealousies and fears
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry member's forehead ; 500
Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of weather,
Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,
And revolutions in their corns ;
And, since our workings-out are crost, 505
Throw up the cause before 'tis lost.
Was it to run away we meant,
Who, taking of the covenant,
The lamest cripples of the brothers
Took oaths to run before all others, 510

But in their own sense, only swore,
To strive to run away before,
And now would prove, the words and oath
Engage us to renounce them both?
'Tis true the cause is in the lurch, 515
Between a right and mongrel-church;
The presbyter and independent,
That stickle which shall make an end on 't,
As 'twas made out to us the last
Expedient,—I mean Marg'ret's fast; 520
When providence had been suborn'd,
What answer was to be return'd:
Else why should tumults fright us now,
We have so many times gone thro',
And understand as well to tame 525
As when they serve our turns, t' inflame?
Have prov'd how inconsiderable
Are all engagements of the rabble,

Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd
With drums, and rattles, like a child, 530
But never prov'd so prosperous,
As when they were led on by us ;
For all our scouring of religion
Began with tumults and sedition ;
When hurricanes of fierce commotion 535
Became strong motives to devotion ;
As carnal seamen, in a storm,
Turn pious converts, and reform,
When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,
Maintain'd our feeble privileges, 540
And brown-bills levy'd in the city,
Made bills to pass the grand committee :
When zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,
Gave chase to rochets and white fleeces,
And made the church, and state, and laws, 545
Submit t' old iron, and the cause.

And as we thriv'd by tumults then,
So might we better now agen,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To use them rightly in our need : 550
Tumults, by which the mutinous
Betray themselves instead of us ;
The hollow-hearted, disaffected,
And close malignant are detected ;
Who lay their lives and fortunes down, 555
For pledges to secure our own ;
And freely sacrifice their ears
T' appease our jealousies and fears :
And yet, for all these providences,
W' are offer'd, if we have our senses, 560
We idly sit, like stupid blockheads,
Our hands committed to our pockets,
And nothing but our tongues at large,
To get the wretches a discharge :

Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts, 565
Who, e're the blow, become mere dolts ;
Or fools befotted with their crimes,
That know not how to shift betimes,
That neither have the hearts to stay,
Nor wit enough to run away : 570
Who, if we could reserve on either,
Might stand or fall at least together ;
No mean nor trivial solaces
To partners in extreme distress,
Who use to lessen their despairs. 575
By parting them int' equal shares ;
As if the more they were to bear,
They felt the weight the easier ;
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among. 580
But 'tis not come to that, as yet,
If we had courage left, or wit,

Who, when our fate can be no worse,
Are fitted for the bravest course,
Have time to rally, and prepare 585
Our last and best defence, despair :
Despair, by which the gallant'st feats
Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,
And horrid'st dangers safely wav'd,
By b'ing courageously outbrav'd ; 590
As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
And poisons by themselves expell'd :
And so they might be now agen,
If we were, what we should be, men ;
And not so dully desperate, 595
To side against ourselves with fate :
As criminals, condemn'd to suffer,
Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
This comes of breaking covenants,
And setting up exempts of faints, 600

That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
To be excus'd the efficacy :
For sp'ritual men are too transcendent,
That mount their banks for independent,
To hang, like Mah'met, in the air, 605
Or St. Ignatius, at his prayer,
By pure geometry, and hate
Dependence upon church or state :
Disdain the pedantry o' th' letter,
And since obedience is better, 610
The scripture says, than sacrifice,
Presume the less on 't will suffice ;
And scorn to have the moderat'ft stints
Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,
Or any opinion, true or false, 615
Declar'd as such, in doctrinals ;
But left at large to make their best on,
Without b'ing call'd t' account or quest'on :

Interpret all the spleen reveals,
As Whittington explain'd the bells ; 620
And bid themselves turn back agen
Lord May'rs of New-jerusalem ;
But look so big and overgrown,
They scorn their edifiers t' own,
Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,
Their tones, and sanctify'd expressions ;
Bestow'd their gifts upon a faint,
Like charity, on those that want ;
And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots
T' inspire themselves with shorthand notes, 630
For which they scorn and hate them worse
Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders :
For who first bred them up to pray,
And teach the house of commons way ?
Where had they all their gifted phrases, 635
But from our Calamies and Cafes ?

Without whose sprinkling and fowing,
Whoe'er had heard of Nye or Owen?
Their dispensations had been stifled,
But for our Adoniram Byfield; 640
And had they not begun the war,
They 'ad ne'er been fainted as they are:
For faints in peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to reprobate;
Their zeal corrupts, like standing water, 645
In th' intervals of war and slaughter;
Abates the sharpness of its edge,
Without the pow'r of sacrilege:
And tho' they 've tricks to cast their sins,
As easy as serpents do their skins, 650
That in a while grow out agen,
In peace they turn mere carnal men,
And from the most refin'd of faints,
As nat'rally grow miscreants

As barnacles turn soland geese 655
In th' islands of the Orcades.
Their dispensation 's but a ticket
For their conforming to the wicked,
With whom their greatest difference
Lies more in words and shew, than sense : 660
For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
Of heaven, wears three crowns of state ;
So he that keeps the gate of hell,
Proud Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well :
And if the world has any troth, 665
Some have been canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greatest harm,
Their sp'ritual gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the overheated fots
In fever still, like other goats ; 670
For tho' the whore bends heretics
With flames of fire, like crooked sticks,

Our schismatics so vastly differ,
Th' hotter they 're they grow the stiffer ;
Still setting off their sp'ritual goods 675
With fierce and pertinacious feuds :
For zeal 's a dreadful termagant,
That teaches faints to tear and rant,
And independents to profess
The doctrine of Dependences ; 680
Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,
To raw heads fierce, and bloody bones ;
And not content with endless quarrels
Against the wicked and their morals,
The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs, 685
Divert their rage upon themselves.
For now the war is not between
The brethren and the men of sin,
But faint and faint to spill the blood
Of one another's brotherhood, 690

Where neither side can lay pretence
To liberty of conscience,
Or zealous suff'ring for the cause,
To gain one groat's worth of applause ;
For tho' endur'd with resolution, 695
'Twill ne'er amount to persecution ;
Shall precious faints, and secret ones,
Break one another's outward bones,
And eat the flesh of brethren,
Instead of kings and mighty men ? 700
When fiends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater elves ?
When Bell's at union with the dragon,
And Baal Peor friends with Dagon ;
When savage bears agree with bears, 705
Shall secret ones lug faints by th' ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common danger threatens both ?

Shall mastiffs, by the collars pull'd,
Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold, 710
And faints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,
No notice of the danger take ;
But tho' no pow'r of heav'n or hell
Can pacify fanatic zeal,
Who would not guess there might be hopes 715
The fear of gallowses and ropes,
Before their eyes might reconcile
Their animosities awhile.
At least, until they 'ad a clear stage,
And equal freedom to engage, 720
Without the danger of surprize
By both our common enemies ?

 This none but we alone could doubt,
Who understood their workings-out,
And know 'em both in foul and conscience, 725
Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense

As spiritual out-laws, whom the pow'r
Of miracle can ne'er restore.

We, whom at first they fet up under,
In revelation only of plunder, 730

Who since have had so many trials
Of their encroaching self-denials,

That rook'd upon us with design

To out-reform and undermine ;

Took all our int'rests and commands 735

Perfidiously out of our hands :

Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,

Without the motive gains allow'd,

And made us serve as ministerial,

Like younger sons of Father Belial. 740

And yet, for all th' inhuman wrong

Th' had done us, and the cause so long,

We never fail'd to carry on

The work still, as we had begun :

But true and faithfully obey'd, 745
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd ;
Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
Nor hang us, like the cavaliers ;
Nor put them to the charge of jails,
To find us pill'ries and carts-tails, 750
Or hang-man's wages, which the state
Was forc'd, before them, to be at ;
That cut, like tallies, to the stumps,
Our ears for keeping true accompts,
And burnt our vessels, like a new- 755
Seal'd peck, or bushel, for being true.
But hand in hand, like faithful brothers,
Held forth the cause against all others,
Disdaining equally to yield,
One syllable of what we held. 760
And though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward men,

Our inward men, and constant frame
Of spirit still were near the same ;
And till they first began to cant, 765
And sprinkle down the covenant,
We ne'er had call in any place,
Nor dream'd of teaching down free-grace ;
But join'd our gifts perpetually,
Against the common enemy. 770
Although 'twas ours, and their opinion,
Each other's church was but a rimmon.
And yet, for all this gospel-union,
And outward shew of church communion,
They 'll ne'er admit us to our shares, 775
Of ruling church, or state affairs,
Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
T' our own conditions of repentance:
But shar'd our dividend o' th' crown,
We had so painfully preach'd down : 780

And forc'd us, tho' against the grain,
T' have calls to teach it up again.
For 'twas but justice to restore
The wrongs we had receiv'd before ;
And when 'twas held forth in our way, 785
We 'ad been ungrateful not to pay :
Who for the right we 've done the nation,
Have earn'd our temporal salvation,
And put our vessels in a way,
Once more to come again in play : 790
For if the turning of us out,
Has brought this providence about,
And that our only suffering,
Is able to bring in the king,
What would our actions not have done, 795
Had we been suffer'd to go on ?
And therefore may pretend t' a share,
At least, in carrying on th' affair :

But whether that be so, or not,
We 've done enough to have it thought, 800
And that 's as good as if we 'ad don't,
And easier past upon account :
For if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as justify'd.
The world is naturally averse 805
To all the truth it sees or hears,
But swallows nonsense and a lie,
With greediness and gluttony ;
And tho' it have the pique, and long,
'Tis still for something in the wrong : 810
As women long when they 're with child,
For things extravagant and wild ;
For meats ridiculous and fulsome,
But seldom any thing that 's wholesome ;
And, like the world, men's jobbernoles 815
Turn round upon their ears, the poles ;

And what they 're confidently told,
By no sense else can be controll'd.
And this, perhaps, may be the means,
Once more to hedge in providence. 820
For as relapses make diseases
More desp'rate than their first accesses ;
If we but get again in pow'r,
Our work is easier than before ;
And we more ready and expert 825
I th' mystery, to do our part :
We, who did rather undertake
The first war to create, than make ;
And when of nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd funds as strange, to carry 't on : 830
Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down,
With plots and projects of our own :
And if we did such feats at first,
What can we now we're better vers'd ;

Who have a freer latitude 835
Than finners give themselves, allow'd ;
And therefore likeliest to bring in,
On fairest terms, our discipline ;
To which it was reveal'd long since,
We were ordain'd by providence, 840
When three faints' ears, our predeceffors,
The cause's primitive confessors,
B'ing crucify'd, the nation stood
In just so many years of blood,
That, multiply'd by six, exprefs'd 845
The perfect number of the beast,
And prov'd that we must be the men
To bring this work about agen :
And those who laid the first foundation,
Complete the thorough reformation: 850
For who have gifts to carry on
So great a work, but we alone ?

What churches have such able pastors,
And precious, powerful, preaching masters ?
Possess'd with absolute dominions 855
O'er brethren's purses and opinions ?
And trusted with the double keys
Of heav'n, and their warehouses ;
Who, when the cause is in distress,
Can furnish out what sums they please, 860
That brooding lie in bankers' hands,
To be dispos'd at their commands ;
And daily increase and multiply,
With doctrine, use, and usury :
Can fetch in parties, as in war 865
All other heads of cattle are,
From th' enemy of all religions,
As well as high and low conditions,
And share them, from blue ribbands down
To all blue aprons in the town ; 870

From ladies hurry'd in calleches,
With cornets at their footmen's breeches,
To bawds as fat as mother Nab,
All guts and belly, like a crab.
Our party's great, and better ty'd 875
With oaths, and trade, than any fide
Has one considerable improvement
To double-fortify the cov'nant ;
I mean our covenant to purchase
Delinquents' titles, and the church's, 880
That pass in sale, from hand to hand,
Among ourselves, for current land,
And rise or fall, like Indian actions,
According to the rate of factions ;
Our best reserve for reformation, 885
When new outgoings give occasion ;
That keeps the loins of brethren girt,
Their covenant, their creed, t' assert ;

And, when they 've pack'd a parliament,
Will once more try th' expedient : 890
Who can already muster friends
To serve for members to our ends,
That represent no part o' th' nation,
But Fisher's-folly congregation ;
Are only tools to our intrigues, 895
And fit like geese to hatch our eggs ;
Who, by their precedents of wit,
T' outfast, outloiter, and outfit,
And order matters underhand,
To put all bus'ness to a stand ; 900
Lay public bills aside, for private,
And make 'em one another drive out ;
Divert the great and necessary,
With trifles to contest and vary ;
And make the nation represent, 905
And serve for us in parliament ;

Cut out more work than can be done
In Plato's year, but finish none,
Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal,
That always pass'd for fundamental : 910
Can set up grandee against grandee,
To squander time away, and bandy ;
Make lords and commoners lay sieges
To one another's privileges ;
And, rather than compound the quarrel, 915
Engage, to th' inevitable peril
Of both their ruins, th' only scope
And consolation of our hope ;
Who, tho' we do not play the game,
Assist as much by giving aim ; 920
Can introduce our ancient arts,
For heads of factions t' act their parts ;
Know what a leading voice is worth,
A seconding, a third, or fourth ;

How much a casting voice comes to, 925
That turns up trump of aye or no ;
And, by adjusting all th' end,
Share every one his dividend,
An art that so much study cost,
And now 's in danger to be lost 930
Unless our ancient virtuosos,
That found it out, get into th' houses.
These are the courses that we took
To carry things by hook or crook,
And practis'd down from forty-four, 935
Until they turn'd us out of door.
Besides, the herds of Boutefeus
We set on work without the house,
When ev'ry knight and citizen
Kept legislative journeymen, 940
To bring them in intelligence,
From all points of the rabble's sense,

And fill the lobbies of both houses
With politic important buzzes ;
Set up committees of cabals, 945
To pack designs without the walls ;
Examine and draw up all news ;
And fit it to our present use ;
Agree upon the plot o' th farce,
And ev'ry one his part rehearse ; 950
Make Q's of answers, to waylay
What th' other party 's like to say ;
What repartees, and smart reflections,
Shall be return'd to all objections ;
And who shall break the master jest, 955
And what, and how, upon the rest ;
Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,
Of proper flanders and seditions,
And treason for a token fend,
By letter, to a country friend ; 960

Disperse lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit,
With falser than a padder's face,
That all its owner does betrays ;
Who therefore dares not trust it, when 965
He 's in his calling, to be seen ;
Disperse the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of discord forth ;
Be sure to keep up congregations,
In spite of laws and proclamations : 970
For charlatans can do no good,
Until they 're mounted in a crowd ;
And when they 're punish'd, all the hurt
Is but to fare the better for 't ;
As long as confessors are sure 975
Of double pay for all th' endure,
And what they earn in persecution,
Are paid t' a groat in contribution :

Whence some tub holdersforth have made,
In powd'ring tubs, their richest trade ; 980
And while they kept their shops in prison,
Have found their prices strangely risen.
Disdain to own the least regret
For all the Christian blood we've let ;
'Twill save our credit, and maintain 985
Our title to do so again ;
That needs not cost one dram of sense,
But pertinacious impudence.
Our constancy t' our principles,
In time will wear out all things else ; 990
Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces
With gallantry of pilgrims' kisses ;
While those who turn and wind their oaths,
Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths ;
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long 995
Before from world to world they swung ;

And they had turn'd from fide to fide,
And as the changelings liv'd, they dy'd.

This faid, th' impatient statesmonger
Could now contain himself no longer, 1000
Who had not spar'd to shew his piques
Against th' haranguer's politics.

With smart remarks of leering faces,
And annotations of grimaces,
After he had administer'd a dose 1005
Of snuff mundungus to his nose,
And powder'd th' inside of his skull,
Instead of th' outward jobbernol,
He shook it with a scornful look
On th' adversary, and thus he spoke : 1010

In dressing a calf's head, altho'
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep so great a distance here,
'Tis strange if ever they come near ;

For who did ever play his gambols 1015
With such insufferable rambles,
To make the bringing in the king,
And keeping of him out, one thing ?
Which none could do, but those that swore
T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore ; 1020
That to defend was to invade,
And to assassinate to aid :
Unless, because you drove him out,
And that was never made a doubt ;
No pow'r is able to restore 1025
And bring him in, but on your score :
A sp'ritual doctrine, that conduces
Most properly to all your uses.
'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said
To cure the wounds the vermin made ; 1030
And weapons, dress'd with salves, restore
And heal the hurts they gave before :

But whether presbyterians have
So much good nature as the falve,
Or virtue in them as the vermin, 1035
Those who have try'd them, can determine.
Indeed 'tis pity you should miss
Th' arrears of all your services,
And for th' eternal obligation
Y' ve laid upon th' ungrateful nation, 1040
B' us'd so unconscionably hard,
As not to find a just reward
For letting rapine loose, and murther,
To rage just so far, but no further :
And setting all the land on fire, 1045
To burn t' a scantling, but no higher :
For vent'ring to assassinate,
And cut the throats of church and state ;
And not be allow'd the fittest men
To take the charge of both agen : 1050

Especially that have the grace
Of self-denying gifted face ;
Who, when your projects have miscarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
On those you painfully trepann'd, 1055
And sprinkled in at second hand ;
As we have been, to share the guilt,
Of christian blood devoutly spilt ;
For so our ignorance was flamm'd,
To damn ourselves, t' avoid being damn'd ; 1060
Till finding your old foe, the hangman,
Was like to lurch you at backgammon,
And win your necks upon the set,
As well as ours, who did but bet,
For he had drawn your ears before, 1065
And nick'd them on the self-same score,
We threw the box and dice away,
Before y' had lost us at foul play,

And brought you down to rook and lie,
And fancy only on the bye ; 1070
Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,
From perching upon lofty poles,
And rescu'd all your outward traitors
From hanging up, like alligators ;
For which ingeniously ye 've shew'd 1075
Your presbyterian gratitude ;
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one rope behind.
Those were your motives to divide,
And scruple, on the other side, 1080
To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
To fits of conscience and remorse ;
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for new again ;
For truth no more unveil'd your eyes, 1085
Than maggots are convinc'd to flies ;

And therefore all your lights and calls
Are but apocryphal and false,
To charge us with the consequences
Of all your native insolences, 1090
That to your own imperious wills
Laid law and gospel neck and heels ;
Corrupted the old testament,
To serve the new for precedent ;
T' amend its errors and defects, 1095
With murder and rebellion texts ;
Of which there is not any one
In all the book to fow upon ;
And therefore, from your tribe, the Jews
Held christian doctrine forth, and use ; 1100
As Mahomet, your chief, began
To mix them in the Alcoran ;
Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
And bended elbows on the cushion ;

Stole from the beggars all your tones, 1105
And gifted mortifying groans ;
Had lights where better eyes were blind,
As pigs are said to see the wind ;
Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,
And Knightsbridge with illumination ; 1110
Made children, with your tones, to run for't,
As bad as Bloodybones or Lunsford.
While women, great with child, miscarry'd,
For being to malignants marry'd :
Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs, 1115
Whose husbands were not for the cause ;
And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
Because they came not out to battle ;
Made taylor's 'prentices turn heroes,
For fear of being transform'd to Meroz, 1120
And rather forfeit their indentures,
Than not espouse the faints' adventures :

Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus;
Enchant the king's and church's lands, 1125
T' obey and follow your commands,
And settle on a new freehold,
As Marcle-hill had done of old :
Could turn the cov'nant, and translate
The gospel into spoons and plate ; 1130
Expound upon all merchants' cashes,
And open th' intricateſt places ;
Could cathechise a money-box,
And prove all pouches orthodox ;
Until the cause became a Damon, 1135
And Pythias the wicked Mammon :
And yet, in spite of all your charms
To conjure legions up in arms,
And raise more devils in the rout
Than e'er y' were able to cast out 1140

Y' have been reduc'd, and by those fools,
Bred up, you say, in your own schools,
Who, tho' but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain they have more wit,
By whom you 've been so oft' trepann'd, 1145
And held forth out of all command :
Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
And out-reveal'd at carryings-on ;
Of all your dispensations worm'd,
Out-providenc'd and out-reform'd ; 1150
Ejected out of church and state,
And all things but the people's hate ;
And spirited out of th' enjoyments
Of precious, edifying employments,
By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces 1155
Like better bowlers, in your places :
All which you bore with resolution,
Charg'd on th' account of persecution ;

And tho' most righteously oppress'd,
Against your wills, still acquiesc'd ; 1160
And never humm'd and hah'd sedition,
Nor snuffled treason, nor misprision :
That is, because you never durst ;
For had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
Alas ! you were no longer able 1165
To raise your posse of the rabble :
One single redcoat sentinel
Outcharm'd the magic of the spell,
And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse
Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verse.
We knew too well those tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your powers,
Or trust our safeties, or undoings,
To your disposing of outgoings,
Or to your ord'ring providence, 1175
One farthing's worth of consequence.

For had you pow'r to undermine,
Or wit to carry a design,
Or correspondence to trapan,
Inveigle, or betray one man ; 1180
There 's nothing else that intervenes,
And bars your zeal to use the means ;
And therefore wond'rous like, no doubt,
To bring in kings, or keep them out :
Brave undertakers to restore, 1185
That could not keep yourselves in pow'r ;
T' advance the int'rests of the crown,
That wanted wit to keep your own.
'Tis true you have, for I'd be loth
To wrong ye, done your parts in both ; 1190
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As grace is introduc'd by sin :
For 'twas your zealous want of sense,
And sanctify'd impertinence ;

Your carrying bus'ness in a huddle, 1195
That forc'd our rulers to new-model :
Oblig'd the state to tack about,
And turn you, root and branch, all out ;
To reformado, one and all,
T' your great croyfado general : 1200
Your greedy flav'ring to devour,
Before 'twas in your clutches, pow'r ;
That sprung the game you were to set,
Before ye 'ad time to draw the net :
Your spite to see the church's lands 1205
Divided into other hands,
And all your sacrilegious ventures
Laid out in tickets and debentures :
Your envy to be sprinkled down,
By under-churches in the town ; 1210
And no course us'd to stop their mouths,
Nor th' independents' spreading growths :

All which confider'd, 'tis moſt true
None bring him in ſo much as you,
Who have prevail'd beyond their plots, 1215
Their midnight juntos, and ſeal'd knots ;
That thrive more by your zealous piques,
Than all their own raſh politics.
And this way you may claim a ſhare
In carrying, as you brag, th' affair, 1220
Elſe frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews
From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns looſe,
And flies and mange, that ſet them free
From taſk-maſters and flavery,
Were likelier to do the feat, 1225
In any indiff'rent man's conceit :
For who e'er heard of reſtoration,
Until your thorough reformation ?
That is, the king's and church's lands
Were ſequeſter'd int' other hands : 1230

For only then, and not before,
Your eyes were open'd to restore ;
And when the work was carrying on,
Who cross'd it but yourselves alone ?
As by a world of hints appears, 1235
All plain, and extant, as your ears.

But first, o' th' first : the Isle of Wight
Will rise up, if you shou'd deny 't,
Where Henderfon and th' other maffes,
Were sent to cap texts, and put cases : 1240
To pass for deep and learned scholars,
Altho' but paltry Ob and Sollers :
As if th' unseasonable fools
Had been a coursing in the schools.
Until they 'ad prov'd the devil author 1245
O' th' covenant, and the cause his daughter ;
For when they charg'd him with the guilt
Of all the blood that had been spilt,

They did not mean he wrought th' effusion
In person, like Sir Pride, or Hughson, 1250
But only those who first begun
The quarrel were by him set on ;
And who could those be but the faints,
Those reformation termagants ;
But ere this pass'd, the wise debate 1255
Spent so much time it grew too late ;
For Oliver had gotten ground,
T' enclose him with his warriors round ;
Had brought his providence about,
And turn'd th' untimely sophists out. 1260

Nor had the Uxbridge bus'ness less
Of nonsense in 't, or sottishness ;
When from a scoundrel holderforth,
The scum, as well as son o' th' earth,
Your mighty senators took law, 1265
At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,

And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation,
To doctrine, use, and application.
So when the Scots, your constant cronies,
Th' espousers of your cause and monies, 1270
Who had so often, in your aid,
So many ways been soundly paid,
Came in at last for better ends,
To prove themselves your trusty friends,
You basely left them, and the church 1275
They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
And suffer'd your own tribe of christians
To fall before, as true Philistines.
This shews what utensils y' have been,
To bring the King's concernments in ; 1280
Which is so far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you ;
And if he take you into trust,
Will find you most exactly just,

Such as will punctually repay 1285
With double int'rest, and betray.
Not that I think those pantomimes,
Who vary action with the times,
Are less ingenious in their art,
Than those who dully act one part ; 1290
Or those who turn from side to side,
More guilty than the wind and tide.
All countries are a wife man's home,
And so are governments to some,
Who change them for the same intrigues 1295
That statesmen use in breaking leagues ;
While others in old faiths and troths
Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd clothes,
And nastier in an old opinion,
Than those who never shift their linen. 1300
For true and faithful 's sure to lose,
Which way soever the game goes ;

And whether parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in :
While pow'r usurp'd, like stol'n delight, 1305
Is more bewitching than the right :
And when the times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the halter.
And so we may, if we 've but sense
To use the necessary means, 1310
And not your usual stratagems
On one another, lights, and dreams :
To stand on terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give :
Set up the covenant on crutches, 1315
'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,
And dream of pulling churches down,
Before we 're sure to prop our own :
Your constant method of proceeding,
Without the carnal means of heeding, 1320

Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,
Are worse, than if y' had none, accoutred.
I grant all courses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again :
The only way that 's left us now, 1325
But all the difficulty's, how ?
'Tis true we 've money, th' only pow'r
That all mankind falls down before ;
Money, that, like the swords of kings
Is the last reason of all things ; 1330
And therefore need not doubt our play
Has all advantages that way ;
As long as men have faith to sell,
And meet with those that can pay well ;
Whose half-starv'd pride and avarice, 1335
One church and state will not suffice
T' expose to sale ; besides the wages
Of storing plagues to after ages.

Nor is our money less our own,
Than 'twas before we laid it down ; 1340
For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
If we are brought in play upon't,
Or but, by casting knaves, get in,
What pow'r can hinder us to win ?
We know the arts we us'd before, 1345
In peace and war, and something more,
And by th' unfortunate events,
Can mend our next experiments :
For when we 're taken into trust ;
How easy are the wisest chous'd ? 1350
Who see but th' outsides of our feats,
And not their secret springs and weights ;
And while they 're busy, at their ease,
Can carry what designs we please ?
How easy is't to serve for agents, 1355
To prosecute our old engagements ?

To keep the good old cause on foot,
And present pow'r from taking root ;
Inflame them both with false alarms
Of plots and parties taking arms ; 1360
To keep the nation's wounds too wide
From healing up of side to side ;
Profess the passionat'ft concerns,
For both their interests by turns,
The only way t' improve our own, 1365
By dealing faithfully with none ;
As bowls run true, by being made
On purpose false, and to be sway'd ;
For if we should be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together ; 1370
And therefore have no other means
To stand upon our own defence,
But keeping up our ancient party
In vigour, confident and hearty :

To reconcile our late dissenters, 1375
Our brethren, tho' by other venters ;
Unite them, and their different maggots,
As long and short sticks are in faggots,
And make them join again as close,
As when they first began t' espouse : 1380
Erect them into separate
New Jewish tribes in church and state ;
To join in marriage and commerce,
And only 'mong themselves converse,
And all that are not of their mind, 1385
Make enemies to all mankind :
Take all religions in, and stickle
From conclave down to conventicle ;
Agreeing still or disagreeing,
According to the light in being, 1390
Sometimes for liberty of conscience,
And spiritual misrule in one sense ;

But in another quite contrary,
As dispensations chance to vary ;
And stand for, as the times will bear it, 1395
All contradictions of the spirit :
Protect their emissaries, empower'd
To preach sedition, and the word ;
And when they 're hamper'd by the laws:
Release the lab'ers for the cause, 1400
And turn the persecution back,
On those that made the first attack,
To keep them equally in awe
From breaking, or maintaining law :
And when they have their fits too soon, 1405
Before the full-tides of the moon,
Put off their zeal t' a fitter season,
For sowing faction in and treason ;
And keep them hooded, and their churches,
Like hawks, from baiting on their perches ; 1410

That when the bleſſed time ſhall come
Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
They may be ready to reſtore
Their own fifth monarchy once more.
Mean-while be better arm'd to fence 1415
Againſt revolts of providence,
By watching narrowly, and ſnapping,
All blind ſides of it, as they happen :
For if ſucceſs could make us ſaints,
Our ruin turn'd us miſcreants ; 1420
A ſcandal that would fall too hard
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.
Theſe are the courſes we muſt run,
Spite of our hearts, or be undone,
And not to ſtand on terms and freaks, 1425
Before we have ſecur'd our necks.
But do our work as out of fight,
As ſtars by day, and ſuns by night ;

All license of the people own,
In opposition to the crown ; 1430
And for the crown as fiercely side,
The head and body to divide.
The end of all we first design'd,
And all that yet remains behind,
Be sure to spare no public rapin, 1435
On all emergencies that happen ;
For 'tis as easy to supplant
Authority, as men in want ;
As some of us, in trusts, have made
The one hand with the other trade ; 1440
Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,
The right a thief, the left receiver ;
And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,
The other, by as fly, retail'd.
For gain has wonderful effects, 1445
T' improve the factory of sects ;

The rule of faith in all professions,
And great Diana of th' Ephesians ;
Whence turning of religion's made
The means to turn and wind a trade ; 1450
And tho' some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a course,
And draw in store of customers,
To thrive the better in commerce :
For all religions flock together, 1455
Like tame and wild fowl of a feather :
To nab the itches of their sects,
As jades do one another's necks,
Hence 'tis hypocrisy as well
Will serve t' improve a church, as zeal ; 1460
As persecution or promotion,
Do equally advance devotion.
Let bus'ness, like ill watches, go
Sometime too fast, sometime too slow ;

For things in order are put out 1465
So easy, ease itself will do 't :
But when the feat 's design'd and meant,
What miracle can bar th' event ?
For 'tis more easy to betray,
Than ruin any other way. 1470
All possible occasions start,
The weightiest matters to divert ;
Obstruct, perplex, distract, entangle,
And lay perpetual trains, to wrangle ;
But in affairs of less import, 1475
That neither do us good nor hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Outfawn as much, and outcomply,
And seem as scrupulously just,
To bait our hooks for greater trust. 1480
But still be careful to cry down
All public actions, tho' our own ;

The least miscarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the state :
Express the horrid'st detestation, 1485
And pity the distracted nation ;
Tell stories scandalous and false,
I' th' proper language of cabals,
Where all a subtle statesman says,
Is half in words, and half in face ; 1490
As Spaniards talk in dialogues
Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs :
Intrust it under solemn vows
Of mum, and silence, and the rose,
To be retail'd again in whispers, 1495
For th' easy credulous to disperse.

Thus far the statesman—when a shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out ;
And strait another, all aghast,
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste, 1500

Who star'd about, as pale as death,
And, for awhile, as out of breath,
Till, having gathered up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits :

That beastly rabble—that came down 1505
From all the garrets—in the town,
And stalls, and shopboards—in vast swarms,
With new-chalk'd bills, and rusty arms,
To cry the cause—up, heretofore,
And bawl the Bishops—out of door ; 1510
Are now drawn up—in greater shoals,
To roast—and broil us on the coals ;
And all the grandees—of our members
Are carbonading—on the embers ;
Knights, citizens, and burgeses— 1515
Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,
That serve for characters—and badges
To represent their personages.

Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
In which they roast, and scorch, and broil, 1520
And ev'ry representative
Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive :
And 'tis a miracle we are not
Already sacrific'd incarnate ;
For while we wrangle here, and jar, 1525
We're grilly'd all at Temple-bar ;
Some, on the sign-post of an alehouse,
Hang in effigy, on the gallows,
Made up of rags to personate
Respective officers of state ; 1530
That, henceforth, they may stand reputed,
Proscrib'd in law, and executed,
And, while the work is carrying on,
Be ready lifted under Dun,
That worthy patriot, once the bellows, 1535
And tinder-box of all his fellows ;

The activ'st member of the five,
As well as the most primitive ;
Who, for his faithful service then,
Is chosen for a fifth agen : 1540
For since the state has made a quint
Of generals, he 's lifted in 't.
This worthy, as the world will say,
Is paid in specie, his own way :
For, moulded to the life, in clouts, 1545
Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,
He 's mounted on a hazel bavin
A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'em ;
And to the largest bonfire riding,
They 've roasted Cook already, and Pridein ;
On whom, in equipage and state,
His scare-crow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at thanksgivings th' us'd to do,

Each in a tatter'd talisman, 1555.
Like vermin in effigy slain.
But, what's more dreadful than the rest,
Those rumps are but the tail o' th' beast,
Set up by popish engineers,
As by the crackers plainly appears ; 1560
For none, but Jesuits, have a mission
To preach the faith with ammunition,
And propagate the church with powder ;
Their founder was a blown-up soldier.
Those sp'ritual pioneers o' th' whore's, 1565
That have the charge of all her stores ;
Since first they fail'd in their designs,
To take in heav'n by springing mines,
And, with unanswerable barrels
Of gunpowder, dispute their quarrels, 1570
Now take a course more practicable,
By laying trains to fire the rabble,

And blow us up, in th' open streets,
Disguis'd in rumps, like Sambenites,
More like to ruin and confound, 1575
Than all their doctrines underground.
Nor have they chosen rumps amiss,
For symbols of state-mysteries ;
Tho' some suppose, 'twas but to shew
How much they scorn'd the saints, the few,
Who, 'cause they 're waisted to the stumps,
Are represented best by rumps.
But Jesuits have deeper reaches
In all their politic far-fetches ;
And from the Coptic priest, Kircherus, 1585
Found out this mystic way to jeer us :
For, as the Egyptians us'd by bees
T' express their antique Ptolomies,
And by their stings, the swords they wore,
Held forth authority and pow'r ; 1590

Because these subtle animals
Bear all their int'rests in their tails;
But when they 're once impair'd in that,
Are banish'd their well-order'd state :
They thought all governments were best, 1595
By hieroglyphic rumps exprest.
For, as in bodies natural,
The rump 's the fundament of all ;
So, in a commonwealth or realm,
The government is called the helm : 1600
With which, like vessels under fail,
They 're turn'd and winded by the tail.
The tail, which birds and fishes steer,
Their courses with, thro' sea and air ;
To whom the rudder of the rump is 1605
The same thing with the stern and compass,
This shews, how perfectly the rump
And common-wealth in nature jump.

For as a fly that goes to bed,
Refts with his tail above his head, 1610
So, in this mongrel state of ours,
The rabble are the supreme powers,
That hors'd us on their backs, to show us
A jadissh trick at last, and throw us.
The learned rabbins of the jews 1615
Write, there's a bone, which they call luez,
I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,
No force in nature can do hurt to ;
And therefore, at the last great day,
All th' other members shall, they say, 1620
Spring out of this, as from a feed
All sorts of vegetals proceed :
From whence the learned sons of art,
Os sacrum justly style that part :
Then what can better represent, 1625
Than this rump-bone, the parliament ?

That after sev'ral rude ejections,
And as prodigious resurrections,
With new reverfions of nine lives,
Start up, and, like a cat, revives ? 1630
But now, alas ! they 're all expir'd,
And th' house, as well as members, fir'd ;
Consum'd in kennels by the rout,
With which they other fires put out ;
Condemn'd t' ungoverning diftrefs ; 1635
And paltry private wretchednefs ;
Worfe than the devil to privation,
Beyond all hopes of reftoration ;
And parted, like the body and foul,
From all dominion and control. 1640
We who could lately, with a look,
Enact, eftablifh, or revoke,
Whofe arbitrary nods gave law,
And frowns kept multitudes in awe ;

Before the bluster of whose huff, 1645
All hats, as in a storm, flew off;
Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
Down to the footman and valet;
Had more bent knees than chapel mats,
And prayers than the crowns of hats, 1650
Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly :
For ruin 's just as low as high ;
Which might be suffer'd, were it all
The horror that attends our fall :
For some of us have scores more large 1655
Than heads and quarters can discharge ;
And others, who, by restless scraping,
With public frauds, and private rapine,
Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,
Would gladly lay down all at last ; 1660
And, to be but undone, entail
Their vessels on perpetual jail,

And blefs the devil to let them farms
Of forfeit foul, on no worfe terms.

 This faid, a near and louder fhout 1665
Put all th' affembly to the rout,
Who now began t' outrun their fear,
As horfes do, from thofe they bear ;
But crowded on with fo much hafte,
Until they 'd block'd the paffage faft, 1670
And barricado'd it with haunches
Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
That with their fhoulders ftrove to fqueeze,
And rather fave a crippled piece
Of all their crush'd and broken members, 1675
Than have them grilly'd on the embers ;
Still preffing on with heavy packs
Of one another on their backs,
The vanguard could no longer bear
The charges of the forlorn rear, 1680

But, borne down headlong by the rout,
Were trampled forely under foot ;
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,
As th' horrid cook'ry of the rabble :
And fear, that keeps all feelings out, 1685
As lesser pains are by the gout,
Reliev'd 'em with a fresh supply
Of rally'd force, enough to fly,
And beat a Tuscan running horse,
Whose jockey-rider is all spurs. 1690



Part 3, Canto 2, Line 1525.

J. R. Smith del.

PART III.

THIRD CANTO.

The Argument.

*The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight
To quit th' enchanted bow'r by night.
He plods to turn his amorous suit,
T' a plea in law, and prosecute :
Repairs to counsel, to advise
'Bout managing the enterprise ;
But first resolves to try by letter,
And one more fair address, to get her.*



Part 3. Canto 3. Line 629.

L. Ryfi sculp.

H U D I B R A S.

CANTO III.

WHO would believe what strange bugbears
 Mankind creates itself, of fears,
 That spring, like fern, that insect weed,
 Equivocally, without feed,
 And have no possible foundation,
 But merely in th' imagination ?

And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats ;
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their nurseries of elves. 10
For fear does things so like a witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which ;
Sets up communities of senses,
To chop and change intelligences ;
As Rosicrucian virtuoso's 15
Can see with ears, and hear with noses ;
And when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supply'd by fear,
That makes them in the dark see visions,
And hag themselves with apparitions, 20
And when their eyes discover least,
Discern the subtlest objects best ;
Do things not contrary alone,
To th' course of nature, but its own,

The courage of the bravest daunt, 25
And turn poltroons as valiant :
For men as resolute appear
With too much, as too little fear ;
And, when they 're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death, by dying ; 30
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fled, like lions, rout.

This Hudibras had prov'd too true,
Who, by the furies, left perdue,
And haunted with detachments, sent 35
From Marshal Legion's regiment,
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and rescu'd with a cheat,
When nothing but himself, and fear,
Was both the imps and conjurer ; 40
As by the rules o' th' virtuosi,
It follows in due form of poeſie.

Disguis'd in all the masks of night,
We left our champion on his flight,
And blind man's buff, to grope his way, 45
In equal fear of night and day ;
Who took his dark and desp'rate course,
He knew no better than his horse ;
And by an unknown devil led,
He knew as little whither, fled, 50
He never was in greater need,
Nor less capacity of speed ;
Disabled, both in man and beast,
To fly and run away, his best ;
To keep the enemy, and fear, 55
From equal falling on his rear.
And though, with kicks and bangs he ply'd,
The further and the nearer side ;
As seamen ride with all their force,
And tug as if they row'd the horse, 60

And when the hackney fails more swift,
Believe they lag, or run adrift ;
So, tho' he posted e'er so fast,
His fear was greater than his haste :
For fear, though fleetier than the wind, 65
Believes 'tis always left behind.

But when the morn began t' appear,
And shift t' another scene his fear,
He found his new officious shade,
That came so timely to his aid, 70
And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,
Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,
So like in person, garb, and pitch,
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.

For Ralpho had no sooner told 75
The Lady all he had t' unfold,
But she convey'd him out of sight,
To entertain th' approaching knight ;

And while he gave himself diversion,
T' accommodate his beast and person, 80
And put his beard into a posture
At best advantage to accost her,
She order'd th' anti-masquerade,
For his reception aforefaid :
For when the ceremony was done, 85
The lights put out, the furies gone,
And Hudibras, among the rest,
Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd,
The wretched caitiff, all alone,
As he believ'd, began to moan, 90
And tell his story to himself,
The Knight mistook him for an elf;
And did so still, till he began
To scruple at Ralph's outward man,
And thought, because they oft' agreed 95
T' appear in one another's stead,

And act the faint's and devil's part,
With undistinguishable art,
They might have done so now, perhaps,
And put on one another's shapes ; 100
And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,
What art ? my Squire, or that bold sprite
That took his place and shape to night ?
Some busy independent pug, 105
Retainer to his synagogue ?
Alas ! quoth he, I'm none of those
Your bosom friends, as you suppose,
But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,
Who 'as dragg'd your donship out o' th' mire,
And from th' enchantments of a widow,
Who 'ad turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you ;
And, tho' a prisoner of war,
Have brought you safe, where now you are ;

Which you wou'd gratefully repay, 115
Your constant presbyterian way.
That 's stranger, quoth the knight, and stranger,
Who gave thee notice of my danger ;
 Quoth he, th' infernal conjurer
Pursu'd, and took me prisoner ; 120
And, knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along to find you out.
Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they said or did :
And, tho' they lay to him the pageant, 125
I did not see him nor his agent ;
Who play'd their forceries out of fight,
T' avoid a fiercer second fight.
But didst thou see no devils then ?
Not one, quoth he, but carnal men, 130
A little worse than fiends in hell,
And that she-devil Jezebel,

That laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision
To see them take your deposition.

What then, quoth Hudibras, was he 135
That play'd the dev'l to examine me?
A rallying weaver in the town,
That did it in a parson's gown,
Whom all the parish take for gifted,
But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it: 140
In which you told them all your feats,
Your conscientious frauds and cheats:
Deny'd your whipping, and confess'd
The naked truth of all the rest,
More plainly than the rev'rend writer 145
That to our churches veil'd his miter;
All which they took in black and white,
And cudgell'd me to underwrite.

What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone, 150

To act the devil, and forbear,
To rid me of my hellish fear ?

Quoth he, I knew your constant rate,
And frame of sp'rit too obstinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon, 155
With any motives of my own ;
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The dev'l awhile, to nick your wit ;
The devil that is your constant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye ; 160
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty drubs confuting.

The Knight, who now began to find
They 'd left the enemy behind,
And saw no farther harm remain, 165
But feeble weariness and pain,
Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,
They 'ad gain'd th' advantage of the day,

And, by declining of the road,
They had, by chance, their rear made good; 170
He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,
That partings wont to rant and tear,
And give the desp'ratest attack
To danger still behind its back :
For having paus'd to recollect, 175
And on his past success reflect,
T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly,
And when no devil had appear'd,
What else it could be said he fear'd, 180
It put him in so fierce a rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage ;
Toss'd, like a football, back again
With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.
Quoth he, it was thy cowardice 185
That made me from this leaguer rise,

And when I'd half reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamously base,
Was better cover'd by the new
Arriv'd detachment, than I knew ; 190
To flight my new acquests, and run,
Victoriously, from battles won ;
And, reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost :
To make me put myself to flight, 195
And, conqu'ring, run away by night ;
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
Durst never have presum'd to do :
To mount me in the dark, by force,
Upon the bare ridge of my horse, 200
Expos'd in querpo to their rage,
Without my arms and equipage ;
Left, if they ventur'd to pursue,
I might th' unequal fight renew ;

And, to preserve thy outward man,
 Affum'd my place, and led the van.

All this, quoth Ralph, I did, 'tis true,
Not to preserve myself, but you :
You, who were damn'd to baser drubs
Than wretches feel in pow'dring tubs, 210
To mount two-wheel'd caroches, worse
Than managing a wooden horse ;
Dragg'd out thro' straiter holes by th' ears,
Eras'd, or coop'd for perjurers ;
Who, tho' th' attempt had prov'd in vain, 215
Had had no reason to complain ;
But, since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
And rescu'd your obnoxious bones
From unavoidable battoons. 220
The enemy was reforc'd,
And we disabled and unhors'd,

Difarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,
 And no way left but hasty flight,
 Which, tho' as desp'rate in th' attempt, 225
 Has giv'n you freedom to condemn 't.
 But were our bones in fit condition
 To reinforce the expedition,
 'Tis now unseasonable and vain,
 To think of falling on again : 230
 No martial project to surprize
 Can ever be attempted twice ;
 Nor cast design serve afterwards,
 As gamesters tear their losing cards.
 Beside, our bangs of man and beast 235
 Are fit for nothing now but rest,
 And for a while will not be able
 To rally, and prove serviceable :
 And therefore I, with reason, chose
 This stratagem t' amuse our foes 240

To make an hon'able retreat,
And wave a total sure defeat :
For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that 's slain.
Hence timely running 's no mean part 245
Of conduct, in the martial art,
By which some glorious feats achieve,
As citizens by breaking thrive,
And cannons conquer armies, while
They seem to draw off and recoil ; 250
Is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,
To great exploits, as well as safest ;
That spares th' expense of time and pains,
And dang'rous beating out of brains ;
And in the end, prevails as certain 255
As those that never trust to fortune ;
But make their fear do execution
Beyond the stoutest resolution ;

As earthquakes kill without a blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow. 260
If th' ancients crown'd their bravest men
That only fav'd a citizen,
What victory cou'd e'er be won,
If ev'ry one would save but one ?
Or fight endanger'd to be lost, 265
Where all resolve to save the most ?
By this means, when a battle 's won,
The war's as far from being done ;
For those that save themselves, and fly,
Go halves, at least, i' th' victory ; 270
And sometime, when the loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all ;
Print new additions to their feats,
And emendations in gazettes ;
And when, for furious haste to run, 275
They durst not stay to fire a gun,

Have done 't with bonfires, and at home
Made squibs and crackers overcome ;
To set the rabble on a flame,
And keep their governors from blame, 280
Disperse the news the pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with fire-works and with bells :
And tho' reduc'd to that extreme,
They have been forc'd to sing Te Deum ;
Yet, with religious blasphemy, 285
By flattering heav'n with a lie ;
And, for their beating, giving thanks,
They've rais'd recruits, and fill'd their ranks ;
For those who run from th' enemy,
Engage them equally to fly ; 290
And when the fight becomes a chase,
Those win the day that win the race ;
And that which would not pass in fights,
Has done the feat with easy flights ;

Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign 295
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign ;
Restor'd the fainting high and mighty,
With brandy-wine, and aquavitæ ;
And made them stoutly overcome
With bacrack, hoccamore, and mum ; 300
With th' uncontroll'd decrees of fate
To victory necessitate ;
With which, altho' they run or burn,
They unavoidably return ;
Or else their fultan populaces 305
Still strangle all their routed bassas.

Quoth Hudibras, I understand
What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,
And who those were that run away,
And yet gave out th' had won the day ; 310
Although the rabble foug'd them for 't,
O'erhead and ears, in mud and dirt.

'Tis true our modern way of war
Is grown more politic by far,
But not so resolute and bold, 315
Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.
For now they laugh at giving battle,
Unless it be to herds of cattle ;
Or fighting convoys of provision,
The whole design o' th' expedition, 320
And not with downright blows to rout
The enemy, but eat them out :
As fighting, in all beasts of prey,
And eating, are perform'd one way,
To give defiance to their teeth, 325
And fight their stubborn guts to death ;
And those achieve the high'st renown,
That bring the other stomachs down.
There 's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
All dangers are reduc'd to famine, 330

And feats of arms to plot, design,
Surprise, and stratagem, and mine ;
But have no need nor use of courage,
Unless it be for glory' or forage :
For if they fight 'tis but by chance, 335
When one side vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully' i' th' rear,
And forc'd, with terrible resistance,
To keep hereafter at a distance, 340
To pick out ground t' encamp upon,
Where store of largest rivers run,
That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,
To part th' engagements of their warriors ;
Where both from side to side may skip, 345
And only encounter at bo-peep :
For men are found the stouter-hearted,
The certainer they 're to be parted,

And therefore post themselves in bogs,
As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs, 350
And made their mortal enemy,
The water-rat, their strict ally.
For 'tis not now who's stout and bold?
But who bears hunger best, and cold?
And he's approv'd the most deserving, 355
Who longest can hold out at starving;
And he that routs most pigs and cows,
The formidablest man of prowess.
So th' emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the British sea, 360
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers.
Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles,
With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles,
And led his troops with furious gallops, 365
To charge whole regiments of scallops;

Not like their ancient way of war,
To wait on his triumphal car ;
But when he went to dine or sup,
More bravely ate his captives up, 370
And left all war, by his example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.

Quoth Ralph, by all that you have said,
And twice as much that I cou'd add,
'Tis plain you cannot now do worfe 375
Than take this out-of-fashion'd course ;
To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,
Or waging battle to subdue her ;
Tho' some have done it in romances,
And bang'd them into am'rous fancies ; 380
As those who won the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones ;
And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride
By courting of her back and side.

But fince thofe times and feats are over, 385
They are not for a modern lover,
When miftreffes are too crofs-grain'd,
By fuch addreffes to be gain'd ;
And if they were, would have it out
With many another kind of bout. 390
Therefore I hold no courfe s' infeasible,
As this of force, to win the Jezebel,
To ftorm her heart by th' antic charms
Of ladies errant, force of arms ;
But rather ftrove by law to win her, 395
And try the title you have in her.
Your cafe is clear, you have her word,
And me to witnefs the accord ;
Besides two more of her retinue
To testify what pafs'd between you ; 400
More probable, and like to hold,
Than hand, or feal, or breaking gold,

For which so many that renounc'd
Their plighted contracts have been trounc'd,
And bills upon record been found, 405
That forc'd the ladies to compound ;
And that, unless I miss the matter,
Is all the bus'ness you look after.
Besides, encounters at the bar
Are braver now than those in war, 410
In which the law does execution,
With less disorder and confusion ;
Has more of honour in 't, some hold,
Not like the new way, but the old,
When those the pen had drawn together, 415
Decided quarrels with the feather,
And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
And more than bullets now of lead :
So all their combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the pen ; 420

That does the feat, with braver vigours,
In words at length, as well as figures ;
Is judge of all the world performs
In voluntary feats of arms,
And whatsoe'er 's atchiev'd in fight, 425
Determines which is wrong or right ;
For whether you prevail, or lose,
All must be try'd there in the close ;
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
What you must trust to ere ye 've done. 430
The law that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo ;
That makes the most perfidious lover,
A lady, that 's as false, recover ;
And if it judge upon your side, 435
Will soon extend her for your bride,
And put her person, goods, or lands,
Or which you like best, int' your hands.

For law's the wisdom of all ages,
And manag'd by the ablest sages, 440
Who, tho' their bus'ness at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans ;
They never manage the contest 445
T' impair the public interest,
Or by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession :
Not like us brethren, who divide
Our commonwealth, the cause, and side ; 450
And tho' we're all as near of kindred
As th' outward man is to the inward,
We agree in nothing, but to wrangle
About the flightest fingle-fangle,
While lawyers have more sober sense, 455
Than t' argue at their own expense,

To make their best advantages
Of others' quarrels, like the Swifs ;
And out of foreign controversies,
By aiding both sides, fill their purses ; 460
But have no int'rest in the cause
For which th' engage, and wage the laws,
Nor further prospect than their pay,
Whether they lose or win the day.
And tho' th' abounded in all ages, 465
With sundry learned clerks and sages ;
Tho' all their bus'ness be dispute,
With which they canvass ev'ry suit,
They 've no disputes about their art,
Nor in polemics controvert ; 470
While all professions else are found
With nothing but disputes t' abound :
Divines of all sorts, and physicians,
Philosophers, mathematicians :

The Galenist and Paracelsian, 475
Condemn the way each other deals in ;
Anatomists dissect and mangle,
To cut themselves out work to wrangle ;
Astrologers dispute their dreams,
That in their sleeps they talk of schemes ; 480
And heralds fickle who got who,
So many hundred years ago.
But lawyers are too wise a nation
'T' expose their trade to disputation,
Or make the busy rabble judges 485
Of all their secret piques and grudges ;
In which, whoever wins the day,
The whole profession 's sure to pay.
Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
Dare undertake to do their feats, 490
When in all other sciences
They swarm like insects, and increase.

For what bigot durst ever draw,
By inward light, a deed in law ?
Or could hold forth by revelation, 495
An answer to a declaration ?
For those that meddle with their tools,
Will cut their fingers, if they 're fools :
And if you follow their advice,
In bills, and answers, and replies, 500
They'll write a love-letter in chancery,
Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,
And soon reduce her to b' your wife,
Or make her weary of her life.

The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts
To edify by Ralpho's gifts,
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better seem his own,
All plagiaries' constant course
Of sinking, when they take a purse, 510

Resolv'd to follow his advice,
But kept it from him by disguise ;
And, after stubborn contradiction,
To counterfeit his own conviction,
And, by transiion, fall upon 515
The resolution as his own.

Quoth he, this gambol thou adviest
Is, of all others, the unwiseſt ;
For, if I think by law to gain her,
There's nothing ſillier, nor vainer. 520
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
Where nothing 's certain but th' expenſe ;
To act againſt myſelf, and traverſe
My ſuit and title to her favours ;
And if ſhe ſhould, which heav'n forbid, 525
O'erthrow me, as the fiddler did,
What after-courſe have I take,
'Gainſt loſing all I have at ſtake ?

He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd, 530
Is fillier than a fottish chouse,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,
Applies himself to cunning men,
To help him to his goods agen ;
When all he can expect to gain, 535
Is but to squander more in vain :
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult to play :
For to reduce her by main force,
Is now in vain ; by fair means, worfe ; 540
But worst of all to give her over,
'Till she 's as desp'rate to recover :
For bad games are thrown up too soon,
Until they 're never to be won ;
But since I have no other course, 545
But is as bad t' attempt, or worfe,

He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still,
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known ; 550
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For Sidrophel resolves to sue ;
Whom I must answer, or begin,
Inevitably, first with him ;
For I 've receiv'd advertisement, 555
By times enough, of his intent ;
And knowing he that first complains
Th' advantage of the bus'ness gains ;
For courts of justice understand
The plaintiff to be eldest hand ; 560
Who what he pleases may aver,
The other nothing till he swear ;
Is freely admitted to all grace,
And lawful favour, by his place ;

And, for his bringing custom in, 565

Has all advantages to win :

I, who resolve to oversee

No lucky opportunity,

Will go to counsel, to advise

Which way t' encounter, or surprize, 570

And after long consideration,

Have found out one to fit th' occasion,

Most apt for what I have to do,

As counsellor, and justice too.

And truly so, no doubt, he was, 575

A lawyer fit for such a case.

An old dull sot, who told the clock,

For many years at Bridewell-dock,

At Westminster, and Hicks's-hall,

And hiccius doctius play'd in all ; 580

Where, in all governments and times,

He 'ad been both friend and foe to crimes,

And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By hind'ring justice, or maintaining,
To many a whore gave privilege, 585
And whipp'd, for want of quarterage ;
Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,
For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent ;
And many a trusty pimp and crony
To Puddle-dock, for want of money : 590
Engag'd the constables to seize
All those that wou'd not break the peace ;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Tho' sometimes commoners, or lords,
And kept 'em prisoners of course, 595
For being sober at ill hours ;
That in the morning he might free
Or bind 'em over for his fee.
Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
For leave to practise in their ways ; 600

Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share
With th' headborough and scavenger ;
And made the dirt i' th' streets compound,
For taking up the public ground ;
The kennel, and the king's high way 605
For being unmolested, pay ;
Let out the stocks and whipping-post,
And cage, to those that gave him most ;
Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,
And for false weights on chandelers ; 610
Made victuallers and vintners fine,
For arbitrary ale and wine :
But was a kind and constant friend
To all that regularly offend :
As residentiary bawds, 615
And brokers that receive stol'n goods ;
That cheat in lawful mysteries,
And pay church-duties, and his fees ;

But was implacable and auker'd,
To all that interlop'd and hawker'd. 620

To this brave man the knight repairs
For counfel in his law affairs,
And found him mounted in his pew,
With books and money plac'd for shew,
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay, 625
And for his false opinion pay :
To whom the knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat to put his case ;
Which he as proudly entertain'd,
As th' other courteously strain'd ; 630
And, to assure him 'twas not that
He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.

Quoth he, there is one Sidrophel
Whom I have cudgell'd—Very well—
And now he brags to have beaten me— 635
Better and better still, quoth he—

And vows to stick me to the wall,
Where'er he meets me—Best of all.
'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath
That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth. 640
When he 'as confes'd he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took ;
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my goods again—Marry, hang him.
Now, whether I should before hand, 645
Swear he robb'd me ?—I understand.
Or bring my action of conversion
And trover for my goods ?—Ah, whoreson.
Or, if 'tis better to endite,
And bring him to his trial ?—Right. 650
Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him ?—True.
Or whether he that is defendant,
In this case, has the better end on 't ;

Who, putting in a new crofs-bill, 655
May traverfe th' action ?—Better ftill.
Then there 's a lady too—Aye, marry.
That 's eafily prov'd acceffary ;
A widow, who by folemn vows,
Contracted to me for my fpoufe, 660
Combin'd with him tobreak her word,
And has abetted all—Good lord !
Suborn'd th' aforefaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the dev'l of hell,
Who put m' into a horrid fear, 665
Fear of my life—Make that appear.
Made an affault with fiends and men
Upon my body—Good agen.
And kept me in a deadly fright,
And falfe imprifonment, all night. 670
Mean while they robb'd me, and my horfe,
And ftole my faddle—Worfe and worfe.

And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.

Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye, 675
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can with, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim :
For if th' have us'd you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy ; 680
I wou'd it were my case, I'd give
More than I'll say, or you 'll believe :
I wou'd so trounce her, and her purse,
I'd make her kneel for better or worfe ;
For matrimony, and hanging here, 685
Both go by destiny so clear,
That you as sure may pick and choose,
As cross I win, and pile you lose :
And if I durst, I wou'd advance
As much in ready maintenance, 690

As upon any case I've known ;
But we that practise dare not own :
The law severely contrabands
Our taking bus'ness off men's hands ;
'Tis common barratry, that bears 695
Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
And crops them till there is not leather,
To stick a pen in left of either ;
For which some do the summer-fault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault : 700
But you may swear at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the state ;
For in all courts of justice here
A witness is not said to swear,
But make oath, that is, in plain terms, 705
To forge whatever he affirms.

I thank you, quoth the knight, for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose pat—

For justice, tho' she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclin'd, 710
Like charity ; else right and wrong
Cou'd never hold it out so long,
And, like blind fortune, with a sleight,
Conveys men's interest and right,
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's, 715
As easily as Hocus Pocus ;
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious ;
And clear again, like hiccius doctius.
Then, whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife, 720
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters pass,
The bus'ness to the law's alone,
The proof is all it looks upon ;
And you can want no witnesses, 725
To swear to any thing you please,

That hardly get their mere expenses
By th' labour of their consciences,
Or letting out to hire their ears
To affidavit customers, 730
At inconsiderable values,
To serve for jurymen or tales,
Altho' retain'd in th' hardest matters
Of trustees and administrators.

For that, quoth he, let me alone ; 735
We've store of such, and all our own,
Bred up and tutor'd by our teachers,
Th' ablest of all conscience-stretchers.

That's well, quoth he, but I should guess,
By weighing all advantages, 740
Your surest way is first to pitch
On Bongey for a water-witch :
And when y' have hang'd the conjurer,
Y' have time enough to deal with her.

In th' int'rim spare for no trepans, 745
To draw her neck into the bans ;
Ply her with love-letters and billets,
And bait 'em well for quirks and quilletts,
With trains t' inveigle, and surprize
Her heedless answers and replies ; 750
And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
They'll serve for other by-designs ;
And make an artist understand,
To copy out her seal, or hand ;
Or find void places in the paper, 755
To steal in something to entrap her :
'Till, with her worldly goods and body,
Spite of her heart she has endow'd ye :
Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply i' th' Temple, under trees ; 760
Or walk the round, with knights o' th' posts,
About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts ;

Or wait for customers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-Inn ;
Where vouchers, forgers, common bail, 765
And affidavit-men ne'er fail
T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
According to their ears and clothes,
Their only necessary tools,
Besides the gospel, and their souls; 770
And when ye're furnish'd with all purveys,
I shall be ready at your service.

I would not give, quoth Hudibras,
A straw to understand a case,
Without the admirable skill 775
To wind and manage it at will ;
To veer, and tack, and steer a cause,
Against the weather-gage of laws ;
And ring the changes upon cases,
As plain as noses upon faces : 780

As you have well instructed me,
For which you 've earn'd, here 'tis, your fee.
I long to practise your advice,
And try the subtle artifice ;
To bait a letter as you bid,
As, not long after, thus he did :
For, having pump'd up all his wit,
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.

AN
HEROICAL EPISTLE
OF
HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

I WHO was once as great as Cæsar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar ;
And from as fam'd a conqueror,
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exercise in battle, 5
By you turn'd out to graze with cattle.
For since I am deny'd access
To all my earthly happiness,
Am fall'n from the paradise
Of your good graces, and fair eyes ; 10
Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent
To everlasting banishment,

Where all the hopes I had t' have won
Your heart, b'ing dash'd, will break my own.

Yet if you were not so severe 15
To pass your doom before you hear,
You'd find, upon my just defence,
How much y' have wrong'd my innocence.
That once I made a vow to you,
Which yet is unperform'd 'tis true ; 20
But not because it is unpaid
'Tis violated, though delay'd.
Or if it were, it is no fault
So heinous, as you'd have it thought ;
To undergo the loss of ears, 25
Like vulgar hackney perjurers :
For there 's a difference in the case,
Between the noble and the base ;
Who always are observ'd to 've done 't.
Upon as diff'rent an account ; 30

The one for great and weighty cause,
To salve, in honour, ugly flaws ;
For none are like to do it sooner,
Than those who 're nicest of their honour ;
The other, for base gain and pay, 35
Forswear and perjure by the day,
And make th' exposing and retailing
Their souls, and consciences, a calling.
It is no scandal nor aspersion,
Upon a great and noble person, 40
To say he nat'rally abhorr'd
Th' old fashion'd trick to keep his word,
Tho' 'tis perfidiousness and shame,
In meaner men, to do the same :
For to be able to forget, 45
Is found more useful to the great
Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,
To make 'em pass for wond'rous wise.

But tho' the law, on perjurers,
 Inflicts the forfeiture of ears, 50
 It is not just, that does exempt
 The guilty, and punish the innocent ;
 To make the ears repair the wrong
 Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue ;
 And when one member is forsworn, 55
 Another to be cropp'd or torn.
 And if you shou'd, as you design,
 By course of law, recover mine,
 You're like, if you consider right.
 To gain but little honour by 't. 60
 For he that for his lady's sake
 Lays down his life, or limbs, at stake,
 Does not so much deserve her favour,
 As he that pawns his soul to have her.
 This y' have acknowledg'd I have done, 65
 Altho' you now disdain to own ;

But sentence what you rather ought
T' esteem good service than a fault.
Besides, oaths are not bound to bear
That literal sense the words infer, 70
But, by the practice of the age,
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage ;
And where the sense by custom 's checkt,
Are found void, and of none effect ;
For no man takes or keeps a vow, 75
But just as he sees others do ;
Nor are they oblig'd to be so brittle,
As not to yield and bow a little :
For as best temper'd blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round ; 80
So truest oaths are still most tough,
And, tho' they bow, are breaking proof.
Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd
In love a greater latitude ?

For as the law of arms approves 85
 All ways to conquest, so shou'd love's ;
 And not be ty'd to true or false,
 But make that justest that prevails :
 For how can that which is above
 All empire, high and mighty love, 90
 Submit its great prerogative,
 To any other pow'r alive ?
 Shall love, that to no crown gives place,
 Become the subject of a case ?
 The fundamental law of nature, 95
 Be over-rul'd by those made after ?
 Commit the censure of its cause
 To any, but its own great laws ?
 Love, that 's the world's preservative,
 That keeps all souls of things alive ; 100
 Controls the mighty pow'r of fate,
 And gives mankind a longer date ;

The life of nature that reſtores
As faſt as time and death devours ;
To whoſe free gift the world does owe 105
Not only earth, but heaven too :
For love 's the only trade that 's driv'n,
The intereſt of ſtate in heaven,
Which nothing but the ſoul of man
Is capable to entertain. 110
For what can earth produce, but love,
To repreſent the joys above ?
Or who but lovers can converſe,
Like angels by the eye-diſcourſe ?
Addreſs, and compliment by viſion, 115
Make love, and court by intuition ?
And burn in am'rous flames as fierce,
As thoſe celeftial miniſters ?
Then how can any thing offend,
In order to ſo great an end ? 120

Or heav'n itself a fin resented,
 That for its own supply was meant ?
 That merits, in a kind mistake,
 A pardon for th' offence's sake ?
 Or if it be not, but the cause 125
 Were left to th' injury of laws,
 What tyranny can disapprove,
 There should be equity in love ?
 For laws, that are inanimate,
 And feel no sense of love or hate, 130
 That have no passion of their own,
 Nor pity to be wrought upon,
 Are only proper to inflict
 Revenge, on criminals as strict.
 But to have power to forgive, 135
 Is empire and prerogative ;
 And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
 To grant a pardon, than condemn.

Then, since so few do what they ought,
'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault ; 140
For why should he who made address,
All humble ways, without success ;
And met with nothing in return
But insolence, affronts and scorn ;
Not strive by wit to countermine, 145
And bravely carry his design ?
He who was us'd so unlike a foldier,
Blown up with philters of love-powder ;
And after letting blood, and purging,
Condemn'd to voluntary scourging ; 150
Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
And claw'd by goblins in the night ;
Insulted on, revil'd and jeer'd,
With rude invasion of his beard ;
And when your sex was foully scandal'd, 155
As foully by the rabble handled ;

Attack'd by despicable foes,
And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows ;
And, after all, to be debarr'd
So much as standing on his guard ; 160
When horses being spurr'd and prick'd,
Have leave to kick for being kick'd ?

Or why should you, whose mother-wits
Are furnish'd with all perquisites ;
That with your breeding teeth begin, 165
And nursing babies that lie in ;
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our cully sex, and we use none ?
We, who have nothing but frail vows
Against your stratagems t' oppose ; 170
Or oaths, more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down ?
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating eye ;

Retire the more, the more we prefs, 175
To draw us into ambufhes :
As pirates all falfe colours wear,
T' intrap th' unwary mariner ;
So women, to furprife us, fpread
The borrow'd flags of white and red ; 180
Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,
Than their old grand-mothers, the Picts ;
And raife more devils with their looks,
Than conjurers' lefs fubtle books :
Lay trains of amorous intrigues, 185
In tow'rs, and curls, and periwigs,
With greater art and cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Nye's thankfgiving beard ;
Prepoft'roufly t' entice and gain,
Thofe to adore 'em they difdain : 190
And only draw 'em in to clog,
With idle names, a catalogue.

A lover is, the more he's brave,
T' his mistress but the more a slave ;
And whatsoever she commands, 195
Becomes a favour from her hands,
Which he's obliged t' obey, and must,
Whether it be unjust or just.
Then when he is compell'd by her
T' adventures he wou'd else forbear, 200
Who, with his honour, can withstand,
Since force is greater than command ?
And when necessity's obey'd,
Nothing can be unjust or bad :
And therefore, when the mighty pow'rs 205
Of love, our great ally, and your's,
Join'd forces not to be withstood
By frail enamour'd flesh and blood,
All I have done, unjust or ill,
Was in obedience to your will, 210

And all the blame that can be due
Falls to your cruelty, and you.
Nor are those scandals I confess,
Against my will and interest,
More than is daily done, of course, 215
By all men, when they 're under force :
Whence some, upon the rack, confess
What th' hangman and their prompters please ;
But are no sooner out of pain,
Than they deny it all again. 220
But when the devil turns confessor,
Truth is a crime, he takes no pleasure
To hear or pardon, like the founder
Of liars, whom they all claim under :
And therefore when I told him none, 225
I think it was the wiser done.
Nor am I without precedent,
The first that on th' adventure went ;

All mankind ever did of courſe,
 And daily does the ſame, or worſe. 230
 For what romance can ſhew a lover,
 That had a lady to recover,
 And did not ſteer a nearer courſe,
 To fall aboard in his amours?
 And what at firſt was held a crime, 235
 Has turn'd to hon'rabl in time.

To what a height did infant Rome
 By raviſhing of women, come?
 When men upon their ſpouſes ſeiz'd,
 And freely marry'd where they pleas'd, 240
 They ne'er forſwore themſelves, nor ly'd,
 Nor, in the mind they were in, dy'd;
 Nor took the pains t' addreſs and ſue,
 Nor play'd the maſquerade to woo:
 Diſdain'd to ſtay for friends' conſents, 245
 Nor juggled about ſettlements;

Did need no licence, nor no priest,
Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist,
Nor lawyers, to join land and money
In the holy state of matrimony, 250
Before they settled hands and hearts,
Till alimony or death departs ;
Nor wou'd endure to stay, until
Th' had got the very bride's good-will,
But took a wife and shorter course 255
To win the ladies—downright force ;
And justly made 'em prisoners then,
As they have, often since, us men,
With acting plays, and dancing jigs,
The luckiest of all love's intrigues ; 260
And when they had them at their pleasure,
They talk'd of love and flames at leisure ;
For after matrimony's over,
He that holds out but half a lover,

Deserves, for ev'ry minute, more 265
 Than half a year of love before ;
 For which the dames, in contemplation
 Of that best way of application,
 Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,
 By suit, or treaty, to be won ; 270
 And such as all posterity
 Cou'd never equal, nor come nigh.

For women first were made for men,
 Not men for them.—It follows, then,
 That men have right to every one, 275
 And they no freedom of their own ;
 And therefore men have pow'r to chuse,
 But they no charter to refuse.
 Hence 'tis apparent that what course
 Soe'er we take to your amours, 280
 Tho' by the indirectest way,
 'Tis no injustice nor foul play ;

And that you ought to take that courſe,
As we take you, for better or worſe,
And gratefully ſubmit to thoſe 285
Who you, before another, choſe.
For why ſhou'd ev'ry ſavage beaſt
Exceed his great lord's intereſt?
Have freer pow'r than he, in grace
And nature, o'er the creature has? 290
Be cauſe the laws he ſince has made
Have cut off all the pow'r he had;
Retrench'd the abſolute dominion
That nature gave him over women;
When all his power will not extend 295
One law of nature to ſuſpend;
And but to offer to repeal
The ſmalleſt clauſe, is to repel.
This, if men rightly underſtood
Their privilege, they wou'd make good, 300

And not, like fots, permit their wives
 T' encroach on their prerogatives,
 For which fin they deserve to be
 Kept, as they are, in slavery :
 And this some precious gifted teachers, 305
 Unrev'rently reputed Leachers,
 And disobey'd in making love,
 Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
 And make ye suffer as you ought,
 For that uncharitable fault : 310
 But I forget myself, and rove
 Beyond th' instructions of my love.

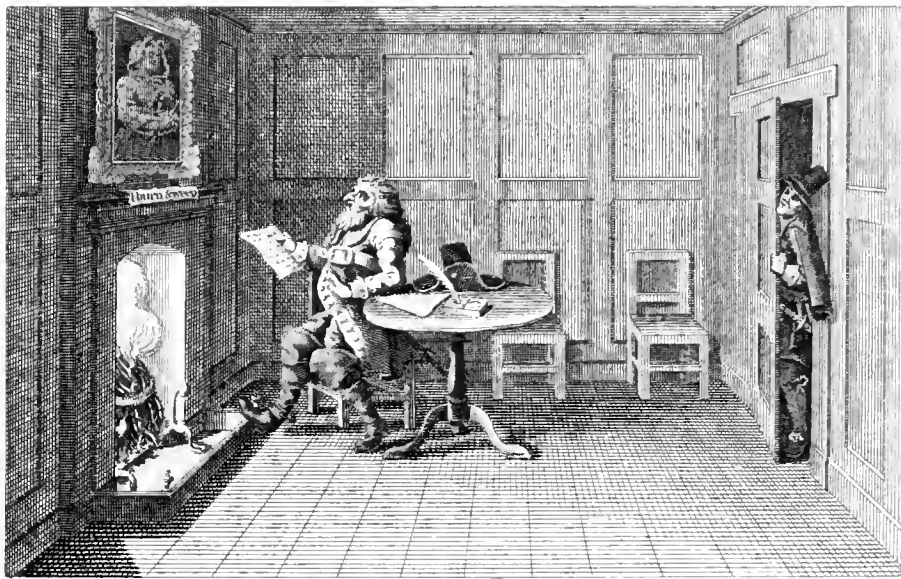
Forgive me, fair, and only blame
 Th' extravagancy of my flame,
 Since 'tis too much at once to shew 315
 Excess of love and temper too ;
 All I have said that 's bad and true,
 Was never meant to aim at you,

Who have so sov'reign a control
O'er that poor slave of your's, my soul, 320
That, rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd loss of heav'n too ;
Both with an equal pow'r possess,
To render all that serve you blest ;
But none like him, who's destin'd either 325
To have or lose you both together ;
And if you'll but this fault release,
For so it must be, since you please,
I'll pay down all that vow, and more,
Which you commanded, and I swore, 330
And expiate, upon my skin,
Th' arrears in full of all my sin :
For 'tis but just that I should pay
Th' accruing penance for delay,
Which shall be done, until it move 335
Your equal pity and your love.

The knight, perusing this epistle,
 Believ'd he 'ad brought her to his whistle ;
 And read it, like a jocund lover,
 With great applause, t' himself, twice over ; 340
 Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit
 And humble distance, to his wit :
 And dated it with wondrous art,
 Giv'n from the bottom of his heart :
 Then seal'd it with his coat of love, 345
 A smoking faggot—and above
 Upon a scroll—I burn, and weep—
 And near it—for her ladyship,
 Of all her sex most excellent,
 These to her gentle hands present. 350
 Then gave it to his faithful squire,
 With lessons how t' observe, and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,
 To send it back, or burn the letter :

But guessing that it might import, 355
Tho' nothing else, at least her sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a smile and leering flout ;
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd. 360

*Epistle to his Lady, Line 337.**L. Refs. in.culp*

THE
L A D Y's A N S W E R
T O T H E
K N I G H T.

T H A T you're a beast and turn'd to grafs,
Is no strange news, nor ever was ;
At least to me, who once, you know,
Did from the pound replevin you,
When both your sword and spurs were won 5
In combat, by an Amazon ;
That sword that did, like fate, determine
Th' inevitable death of vermine,
And never felt its furious blows,
But cut the throats of pigs and cows, 10
By Trulla was, in single fight,
Disarm'd and wrested from its knight,

Your heels degraded of your spurs,
And in the stocks close prisoners :
Where still they 'ad lain, in base restraint, 15
If I, in pity of your complaint,
Had not, on hon'able conditions,
Releas't 'em from the worst of prisons ;
And what return that favour met,
You cannot, tho' you wou'd, forget ; 20
When being free, you strove t' evade,
The oaths you had in prison made :
Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it,
But after own'd, and justify'd it :
And when y' had falsely broke one vow, 25
Absolv'd yourself, by breaking two.
For while you sneakingly submit,
And beg for pardon at our feet ;
Discourag'd by your guilty fears,
To hope for quarter, for your ears ; 30

And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim us boldly as your due,
Declare that treachery and force,
To deal with us, is th' only course ;
We have no title nor pretence 35
To body, soul, or conscience,
But ought to fall to that man's share
That claims us for his proper ware :
These are the motives which, t' induce,
Or fright us into love, you use ; 40
A pretty new way of gallanting,
Between soliciting and ranting ;
Like sturdy beggars, that intreat
For charity at once, and threat.
But since you undertake to prove 45
Your own propriety in love,
As if we were but lawful prize
In war, between two enemies,

Or forfeitures which ev'ry lover,
That would but sue for, might recover, 50
It is not hard to understand
The myſ'try of this bold demand,
That cannot at our perſons aim,
But ſomething capable of claim.

'Tis not thoſe paltry counterfeit, 55
French ſtones, which in our eyes you ſet,
But our right diamonds, that inſpire
And ſet your am'rous hearts on fire ;
Nor can thoſe falſe St. Martin's beads
Which on our lips you lay for reds, 60
And make us wear like Indian dames,
Add fuel to your ſcorching flames,
But thoſe two rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock.

'Tis not thoſe orient pearls, our teeth, 65
That you are ſo tranſported with,

But those we wear about our necks,
Produce those amorous effects.
Nor is 't those threads of gold, our hair,
The periwigs you make us wear ; 70
But those bright guineas in our chests,
That light the wildfire in your breasts.
These love-tricks I've been vers'd in so,
That all their fly intrigues I know,
And can unriddle, by their tones, 75
Their mystic cabals, and jargones ;
Can tell what passions, by their sounds,
Pine for the beauties of my grounds ;
What raptures fond and amorous,
O' th' charms and graces of my house ; 80
What ecstasy and scorching flame,
Burns for my money in my name ;
What, from th' unnatural desire
To beasts and cattle, takes its fire ;

What tender sigh, and trickling tear, 85
Longs for a thousand pounds a-year ;
And languishing transports are fond
Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.

These are th' attracts which most men fall
Enamour'd, at first sight, withal ; 90
To these they' address with serenades,
And court with balls and masquerades ;
And yet, for all the yearning pain
Ye've suffer'd for their loves in vain,
I fear they'll prove so nice and coy, 95
To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy ;
That all your oaths and labour lost,
They'll ne'er turn ladies of the post.
This is not meant to disapprove
Your judgment, in your choice of love, 100
Which is so wise, the greatest part
Of mankind study 't as an art ;

For love shou'd, like a deodand,
Still fall to th' owner of the land ;
And where there 's substance for its ground,
Cannot but be more firm and found,
Than that which has the flighter basis
Of airy virtue, wit, and graces :
Which is of such thin subtilty,
It steals and creeps in at the eye, 110
And, as it can't endure to stay,
Steals out again, as nice a way.

But love, that its extraction owns
From solid gold and precious stones,
Must, like its shining parents, prove 115
As solid, and as glorious love.
Hence 'tis you have no way t' express
Our charms and graces but by these ;
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty invades, and conquers with, 120

But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which a philter love commands ?

 This is the way all parents prove
In managing their children's love,
That force 'em t' intermarry and wed, 125
As if th' were burying of the dead ;
Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
To join in wedlock all they have,
And, when the settlement's in force,
Take all the rest for better or worfe ; 130
For money has a pow'r above
The stars, and fate, to manage love,
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.
And tho' some say the parents' claims 135
To make love in their children's names,
Who, many times, at once provide
The nurse, the husband, and the bride,

Feel darts and charms, attracts and flames,
And woo, and contract in their names, 140
And as they christen, use to marry 'em,
And, like their gossips, answer for 'em
Is not to give in matrimony,
But sell and prostitute for money,
'Tis better than their own betrothing, 145
Who often do 't for worse than nothing ;
And when they 're at their own dispose,
With greater disadvantage chuse.
All this is right ; but, for the course
You take to do 't, by fraud or force, 150
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done,
No more than fetters can betray,
That tell what tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at best, is but a vow, 155
Which all men either break, or bow ;

Then what will those forbear to do,
Who perjure when they do but woo?
Such as beforehand swear and lie,
For earnest to their treachery, 160
And, rather than a crime confess,
With greater strive to make it less:
Like thieves, who, after sentence past,
Maintain their innocence to the last;
And when their crimes were made appear, 165
As plain as witnesses can swear,
Yet when the wretches come to die,
Will take upon their death a lie.
Nor are the virtues you confess'd
T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd, 170
So flight as to be justify'd,
By being as shamefully deny'd;
As if you thought your word would pass,
Point-blank on both sides of a case;

Or credit were not to be lost 175
B' a brave knight-errant of the post,
That eats perfidiously his word,
And swears his ears thro' a two-inch board ;
Can own the same thing, and disown,
And perjure booty pro and con ; 180
Can make the gospel serve his turn,
And help him out to be forsworn ;
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kist,
To be betray'd and fold, like Christ.
These are the virtues in whose name 185
A right to all the world you claim,
And boldly challenge a dominion,
In grace and nature, o'er all women ;
Of whom no less will satisfy,
Than all the sex, your tyranny : 190
Altho' you'll find it a hard province,
With all your crafty frauds and covins,

To govern fuch a num'rous crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you ;
For if you all were Solomons, 195
And wife and great as he was once,
You'll find they 're able to fubdue,
As they did him, and baffle you,
And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by our own temptation done : 200
That with your ignorance invite,
And teach us how to ufe the fleight.
For when we find ye're ftill more taken
With falfe attracts of our own making,
Swear that's a rofe, and that's a ftone, 205
Like fots, to us that laid it on,
And what we did but flightly prime,
Moft ignorantly daub in rhyme ;
You force us, in our own defences,
To copy beams and influences ; 210

To lay perfections on the graces,
To draw attracts upon our faces ;
And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own false jewels counterfeit :
For, by the practice of those arts, 215
We gain a greater share of hearts ;
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost ;
For great perfections are, like heav'n,
Too rich a present to be giv'n : 220
Nor are those master-strokes of beauty
To be perform'd without hard duty,
Which, when they 're nobly done, and well,
The simple natural excel.
How fair and sweet the planted rose, 225
Beyond the wild in hedges grows !
For, without art, the noblest seeds
Of flowers degenerate into weeds :

How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground,
And polish'd, looks a diamond? 230
Tho' paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care.
The whole world, without art and dress,
Wou'd be but one great wilderness;
And mankind but a savage herd, 235
For all that nature has conferr'd:
This does but rough-hew and design,
Leaves art to polish and refine.
Tho' women first were made for men,
Yet men were made for them agen: 240
For when, outwitted by his wife,
Man first turn'd tenant but for life,
If women had not interven'd,
How soon had mankind had an end!
And that it is in being yet, 245
To us alone you are in debt.

Then where 's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural no-voice ?
Since all the privilege you boast,
And falsely' usurp'd, or vainly lost, 250
Is now our right, to whose creation
You owe your happy restoration.
And if we had not weighty cause
To not appear in making laws,
We cou'd, in spite of all your tricks, 255
And shallow formal politicks,
Force you our managements t' obey,
As we to yours, in shew, give way.
Hence 'tis, that while you vainly strive
T' advance your high prerogative, 260
You basely, after all your braves,
Submit and own yourselves our slaves ;
And 'cause we do not make it known,
Nor publicly our int'rests own,

Like fots, fuppose we have no fhares 265
In ord'ring you, and your affairs,
When all your empire, and command
You have from us, at fecond-hand ;
As if a pilot that appears
To fit ftill only, while he fteers, 270
And does not make a noife and ftir,
Like ev'ry common mariner,
Knew nothing of the chart, nor ftar,
And did not guide the man of war :
Nor we, becaufe we don't appear 275
In councils, do not govern there ;
While, like the mighty Prefter John,
Whofe perfon none dares look upon,
But is preferv'd in clofe difguife,
From b'ing made cheap to vulgar eyes, 280
W' enjoy as large a pow'r unfeen,
To govern him, as he does men ;

And, in the right of our Pope Joan,
Make emp'rors at our feet fall down ;
Or Joan de Pucelle's braver name, 285
Our right to arms and conduct claim ;
Who, tho' a spinster, yet was able
To serve France for a grand constable.
We make and execute all laws,
Can judge the judges, and the cause ; 290
Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,
To th' long robe, and the longer tongue,
'Gainst which the world has no defence,
But our more powr'ful eloquence.
We manage things of greatest weight 295
In all the world's affairs of state ;
Are ministers in war and peace,
That sway all nations how we please.
We rule all churches, and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox, 300

And are the heav'nly vehicles
O' th' spirits in all conventicles :
By us is all commerce and trade
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd :
For nothing can go off so well, 305
Nor bears that price, as what we sell.
We rule in ev'ry public meeting,
And make men do what we judge fitting ;
Are magistrates in all great towns,
Where men do nothing but wear gowns. 310
We make the man of war strike fail,
And to our braver conduct veil,
And, when he 'as chas'd his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.
Is there an officer of state, 315
Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,
That 's haughty and imperious ?
He 's but a journeyman to us,

That, as he gives us cause to do 't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out. 320
We are your guardians, that increase,
Or waste your fortunes how we please ;
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your matters, ill or well.
'Tis we that can dispose alone, 325
Whether your heirs shall be your own ;
To whose integrity you must,
In spite of all your caution, trust ;
And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,
Can fit you with what heirs we please ; 330
And force you t' own them, tho' begotten
By French valets, or Irish footmen.
Nor can the rigoroufeste course
Prevail, unless to make us worse ;
Who, still the harsher we are us'd, 335
Are further off from b'ing reduc'd ;

And scorn t' abate, for any ills,
The least punctilio of our wills.
Force does but whet our wits t' apply
Arts, born with us, for remedy, 340
Which all your politics, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat :
For, when ye've try'd all sorts of ways,
What fools do we make of you in plays ?
While all the favours we afford, 345
Are but to girt you with the sword,
To fight our battles in our steads,
And have your brains beat out o' your heads ;
Encounter, in despite of nature,
And fight, at once, with fire and water, 350
With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,
Our pride and vanity t' appease ;
Kill one another, and cut throats,
For our good graces, and best thoughts ;

To do your exercife for honour, 355
And have your brains beat out the fooner ;
Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known :
And ftill appear the more induftrious,
The more your projects are prepoft'rous, 360
To fquare the circle of the arts,
And run ftark mad to fhew your parts ;
Expound the oracle of laws,
And turn them which way we fee caufe ;
Be our folicitors, and agents, 365
And ftand for us in all engagements.
And thefe are all the mighty pow'rs,
You vainly boaft to cry down ours ;
And what in real value's wanting,
Supply with vapouring and ranting : 370
Because yourfelves are terrify'd,
And ftoop to one another's pride :

Believe we have as little wit
 To be out-hector'd, and submit :
 By your example, lose that right 375
 In treaties, which we gain'd in fight :
 And terrify'd into an awe,
 Pass on ourselves a falique law ;
 Or, as some nations use, give place,
 And truckle to your mighty race : 380
 Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,
 As if they were the better women. 382

Butler's Monument*Westminster Abbey.*

ERRATA.

- Part 1. Canto 1. Line 559. for *possist* read *profess*
—— 1. ——— 1. ——— 725. for *he* read *the*
—— 2. ——— 1. ——— 569. for *on't*, read *of't*,
—— 3. ——— 2. ——— 391. for *knight*, read *night*
—— 3. ——— 2. ——— 571. for *reserve* read *resolute*
—— 3. ——— 3. ——— 527. *to* omitted.

IN THE LIFE.

- Page ii. in the note for *gymnarsiarcho*, read *gymnasiarch*;
—— xxxix. last line for *la*, read *le*.

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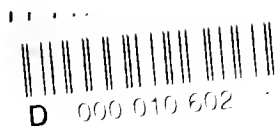
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